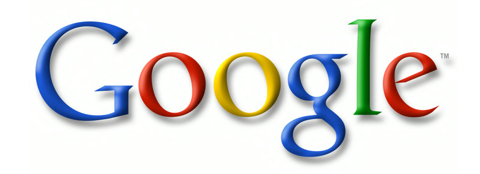


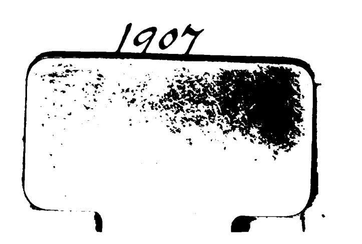


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1252 ——— **The Lyre of Love :** a Selection of Love Poems from Celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors ; *pretty full-length stipple portrait of* LADY STANHOPE *by* CARDON *after* COSWAY, *and front.*, 2 vols, fcp. 8vo, full orig. calf gilt, m. e., *Lond.*, *Sharpe*, 1806



...by Richd. Cosway, Esq. R.A. — Engraved by Anthony Cardon

THE RIGHT HON.BLE LADY ANNA MARIA STANHOPE.

THE

LYRE OF LOVE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
Dean Street;

FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

1806.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNA MARIA STANHOPE.

WHOM Courts caress, and Homage distant views,
  Will STANHOPE, fam'd of Beauty's virgin throng,
  Won by the warbling of poetic song,
Crown with her smiles no unambitious Muse?
Than thine, what fairer name should Fancy choose,
  On which her notes delighted to prolong;
  Thee, whom indeed her sweetest praise might wrong,
Though love the raptur'd theme the bard pursues!
  Yet, not thy Charms this plausive strain command:
Goodness with rank, with virtue Taste allied,
These, or than storied state or blooming pride,
  Grace best the daughters of thy native land.
Lady! for these, such meed the Fates inspire,
Now at thy feet submiss Love lays his Lyre.

PREFACE.

Some remarks on the English Amatory Poets, while they will best explain the principles by which it has been directed, seem naturally introductory of the Selection now submitted to the public.

I.

To the laws of Chivalry, which demanded that a knight should be qualified to sing the praises of her for whom he aspired to contend, is probably to be ascribed the partiality for amatorial composition so observable in our early bards. Their songs, however, occupied with descriptive eulogium, or an ostentatious display of the attractions and qualifications of their mistresses, seldom breathe that fervour of heart, that seductive tenderness, which, as it constitutes the highest charm of such effusions, is indispensibly required in the poetical addresses of the present times.

II.

During the reign of Henry the Eighth, by whose example the current of fashion became diverted in favour of gallantry, Petrarch was accordingly

studied, and not unsuccessfully imitated, by Surrey and Wyat. Suckling, deviating notwithstanding from the general practice, though with questionable merit, gave a novel turn to familiar feelings; and, if he failed to gratify the votaries of sensibility, he at least amused the admirers of humour and ingenuity. Perhaps it is to be suspected that he was not innocent of designing to ridicule the serious productions of his contemporaries.

III.

Queen Elizabeth, while she fettered the originality of description, by expecting adulatory allusions to herself, nevertheless encouraged the prevailing predilection for love verses. Harrington, Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakspeare, Donne, Jonson, assiduously courted, under her auspices, the smiles of the softer muse. Cowley, in a succeeding age, affirms that "poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love." He might have added, however, that it was not every freeman who was qualified to take up his livery.

IV.

Neither the pedantry of James the First, nor the turbulence experienced under his unfortunate Successor in the throne, appear to have silenced the strains dedicated by genius to beauty. Drummond, Carew, Walker, Habington, Lovelace, Herrick, and

Cowley, exhibit the progressive improvement of this species of literary homage, and, perhaps, the perfection of the style in which it should be conveyed.

But it is not sufficient merely to have enumerated such writers as Spenser, Daniel, Drummond, Carew, Waller, and Habington.

Among these poets, who successively advanced the refinement of our language, and ameliorated our taste, it will be found that Daniel, possessing the pathetic delicacy of Spenser, anticipated the melodious simplicity of Drummond. On the merits of Drummond, whose sonnets are so extensively read, and so generally admired, it were superfluous to enlarge. His poetical character, and the circumstances by which it was determined, are amply detailed in the course of the ensuing work.

Nothing is more capricious than the customary distribution of fame. After the perusal of Spenser, Daniel, and Drummond, by whom he was preceded, and an attentive consideration of the pretensions of Carew and Habington, with whom he was contemporary, who can avoid expressing some surprize at the predominating reputation enjoyed by Waller?—a poet, whatever estimable qualities he otherwise possessed, who must be pronounced essentially deficient in the chief constituents of amatory excellence; whose compliments were often hyperbolical and unnatural, whose passion was

destitute of tenderness, and whose wit was sometimes disgraced by indelicacy. To Carew, however censurable for moral discrepances, the praise of unaffected thinking, of a considerable portion of originality, and of fascinating numbers, is not to be denied. Habington is among the last of those poets in whose writings pleasure is wholly divested of licentiousness, and where the imagina tion is sublimed by the heart.

V.

The dissoluteness of manners introduced by the Restoration was not unproductive of concomitant effects on the minds of men of talent. Under the ruins of the old monarchy seems to have been buried the spirit of chivalric feeling: the wits of the court of Charles the Second evince neither the vigour nor pathos of those who ornamented a former reign; with few exceptions, all is elegant trifling, or disgusting voluptuousness. It is an immutable truth, nor can it be too often reiterated, that whatever contaminates the morals has a tendency to impoverish the mental resources.

VI.

Partly owing to the prevalence of political disquisition, and partly to the fluctuations of fashion, the encouragement before extended towards amatory writing seems rapidly to have declined subsequently to the Revolution. It is not only that such publications as the "Astrophel and Stella"

of Sidney, the "Castara" of Habington, or the "Lucasta" of Lovelace, no longer diversify the annals of literature, but personal attachment almost ceased to inspire the impulse of poetic enthusiasm; our principal poets, as Pope in his "Eloise," frequently adopting either the epistolary or didactic form, for the expression of amatory emotion.

VII.

Without derogation from the applause due to intervening poets, it is principally during the last sixty years, but particularly in the present age, that Love can be considered as having regained, with augmented splendour, her empire over Poetry. Of the validity and importance of this remark, those who shall feel incited to inspect the following pages must be fully convinced. It is gratifying to bear this honourable testimony to existing merit; and to know, at the same time, that the opinion of the individual will be ratified at the tribunal of the public.

SURVEYING the extensive group of our poetical writers, and estimating the general taste, it appeared that an undertaking like the present, if satisfactorily accomplished, could not fail of sufficient encouragement.

To impart to the plan all the novelty of which it might be supposed susceptible, biographical no-

tices are prefixed to the various articles. These, being intended chiefly to illustrate the amatory performances of the writers, do not profess to discuss, otherwise than incidentally, the particulars of literary or political history.

Better to ascertain the progressive improvement of our poetry, and to award honour only where it is merited, the chronological arrangement, as far as it was discoverable, has been settled according to the dates at which the respective productions seemed to have been written; and, where this could not be decided, according to the time of their publication.

A few original verses by the Editor, under the department "Amoretta," may be found at the conclusion of the work.

LONDON,
November 30, 1805.

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HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

1540.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, descended from Edward I. son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and deservedly celebrated as " the first polite writer of Love Verses in our language," was born in 1520. Early attached to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate offspring of Henry VIII. he resided with him during his boyish years in the quality of a companion, at Windsor Castle; where he was habituated to the elegancies of the court, and where the charms of the Fair made no slight impression on a mind that was afterwards attuned to their praises.

In 1536 he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his friend Richmond. He had, six years before, entered with him at Wolsey's college; and, in 1532, had accompanied him on a visit to Francis I. at Paris. Richmond also was betrothed to the lady Mary Howard, sister to Surrey. These circumstances are recounted with exquisite tenderness in an elegy written by the Earl, while imprisoned in Windsor Castle, towards the close of his short but illustrious career.

The period at which Surrey commenced the tour of Europe is not ascertained; but he must at this time have been enamoured of his Geraldine, since he contended for her beauty at Florence; where the Grand Duke of Tuscany permitted the challenge to be tried, at tournament; and where, on the spot from which the family of his mistress originally came, he had the gratification of maintaining her superiority, and of proudly asserting his title to her favour. He is reported to have been imme-

diately incited to this proceeding, by having seen, on his way to Florence, in a mirror of glass exhibited to him by the celebrated Agrippa, a representation of GERALDINE, who appeared reclining on a couch, much indisposed, and engaged in reading one of his most affecting sonnets, by the glimmering of a waxen taper. Beauty, however, is not always the reward of bravery. Whatever consolation he is supposed to have derived from the illusions of magic, she on whom SURREY has conferred immortality, seems to have denied him the only recompence to which he aspired—her smiles and her affection. According to Lord Orford, who has successfully pursued the scattered hints afforded by Drayton, GERALDINE was the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare; whose ancestors, descended from the Dukes of Tuscany, by Otho, settled in England during the reign of Alfred, and thence transplanted themselves to Ireland. She was second cousin to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth (afterwards successively Queens of England); bred up with them at Hunsdon house; and became the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln.

His romantic attachment to GERALDINE, did not prevent SURREY from becoming the husband of Frances, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, by whom he had several children.

It is painful to relate, that this distinguished nobleman, who had often loyally exerted himself in the defence of his country, was at last sacrificed to the jealousy of a monarch, in whose court he was perhaps the brightest ornament. He fell a victim to the suspicious tyranny of Henry VIII. Being arraigned at Guildhall, before a ury who were convened only to condemn him, he was soon found guilty, and in consequence beheaded on Tower-hill, January 19th, 1546-7.

SONNETS.

From Tuscane came my Lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat;
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat;
Fostered she was, with milk of Irish breast:
Her Sire an earl, her Dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
With King's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to my eyne;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty' of kind, her virtue from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in the arms, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that methought to love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire,
With shamefaced cloke, to shadow and restrain,
Her smiling grace converteth strait to ire;
And coward Love, then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight,—whereas he lurks and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face:
For my Love's guilt, thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my Love shall not my foot remove;
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by Love!

SONNETS.

Set me e'en where the Sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence press'd of people, mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when the hairs are grey;
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
On hill or dale, or on the foaming flood:
Thrall'd, or at large; wherever so I dwell,
Sick, or in health; in evil fame, or good;
Her's will I be, and only with this thought,
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease;
The night's chair now the stars about doth bring;
Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less!
So am not I; whom Love, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires; whereas I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case:
For my sweet thoughts, some time do pleasure bring;
But, by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting;
When that I think what grief it is, again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

When raging Love, with extreme pain,
Most cruelly distrains my heart;
When that my tears, as floods of rain,
Bear witness of my woful smart;
When sighs have wasted so my breath,
That I lie at the point of death:
I call to mind the Navy great
That the Grééks brought to Troy town,
And how the boisterous wind did beat
Their ships, and rend their sails adown;
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeased the goddess, that them withstood;
And how that, in those ten years war,
Full many a bloody deed was done,
And many a lord, that came full far,
There caught his bane (alas! too soon;)
And many a good knight overcome,
Before the Greeks had Helen won;
Then think I thus—since such repair,
So long time war of valiant men;
Was all to win a lady fair,
Shall I not learn to suffer then?
And think my time well spent to be,
Serving a worthier wight than she!
Therefore I never will repent,
But pains contented still endure.
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring strait draweth in ure;
So, after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare!

GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.

1530.

Lord Rochford is supposed to have been born about the year 1500. Being the brother of the unfortunate queen Anne Boleyn, and having participated in her courtly elevation, he was not suffered to escape the blow that was meditated for her destruction. The charms of his person, and the elegance of his acquirements, which endeared him to the highest ladies of his time, served only to accelerate his ruin. He was accused by his wife, a woman of the most abandoned character, of a criminal intercourse with his sister, Anne, and for this beheaded in May, 1536!

When committed to the Tower, "the poor Queen," says Lord Orford, "had so little idea of guilt, or of what she was accused, that she tenderly exclaimed—"Oh! where is my sweet brother?" It is some consolation to reflect, that Lady Rochford, the instrument of this execrable cruelty, by afterwards administering to the pleasures of Catherine Howard, incurred that sentence which her jealousy and malice had drawn on her virtuous and amiable relatives. She also perished on a scaffold; but under all the accumulated ignominy of guilt and detestation.

TO HIS LUTE.

My Lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My Lute be still; for I have done.

As to be heard where care is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?—
No, no, my Lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy:
Whereby, my Lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got,
Of simple hearts, through Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my Lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game on earnest pain;
Think not alone, under the sun,
Unquit to cause thy Lover's pain;
Although my Lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lie wither'd, old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list; for I håve done!

And, then, may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy Lover's sigh and swoon;
Then, shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now, cease my Lute! this is my last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun;
Now is this song both sung and past:
My Lute, be still! for I have done.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

1530.

Attached to the Earl of Surrey by a congeniality of disposition and taste, WYAT appears to have assiduously cultivated his poetical talents, which, like those of his friend, were successfully engaged in celebrating the charms of the Fair. Perhaps he more than divides with Surrey the praise of having first imparted to our language a degree of modulation and refinement of which it was hardly conceived susceptible.

Like Surrey, he travelled abroad, and amply availed himself of the treasures of the Italian Muse; like him, he shone with no common lustre in the court of Henry VIII. by whom he was deservedly esteemed for his diplomatic abilities, and highly caressed for his wit.

His personal appearance is described to have been at once awful and engaging; his eyes were penetrating and intelligent. He was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, the seat of his ancestors, in 1503. He was buried in the Abbey church of Sherbourn, where he died in 1541.

YOUR looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold;

Though hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloke
  Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
  Breaks out on every side.

Ye cannot Love so guide,
  That it no issue win;
Abroad needs must it glide,
  That burns so hot within.

SONNET.

My heart I gave thee not to do it pain,
But to preserve, lo! it to thee was taken;
I served thee not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receive reward again:
I was content thy servant to remain,
And not to be repaid on this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is no other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refrain,
Unsatiate of my woe and thy desire;
Assur'd by craft for to excuse thy fault.
But since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

Attached to the Earl of
sition and taste, w
tivated his poet
were successful
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Like Surrey, he
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His personal app
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the seat of his
Abbey church

…eart unless I…
…desire;
…are;
…chain'd;
…distain'd;
…ower or higher.
…doth…
…hath…
…more dear;
…
…justly;
…dear,—
…destroy,
…great annoy.



JOHN HARRINGTON.

1564.

Father of Sir John Harrington, this gentleman is distinguished for the following poem, written, as he informs us, "on Isabella Markham, when he *first* thought her fair; as she stood at the Princess's window, in goodly attire, and talked to divers in the court-yard." He was the friend and admirer of Queen Elizabeth, who rewarded his attachment to her cause, by the reversion of a grant of lands at Thelston, near Bath. He died in 1582.—"If," says Mr. Ellis, "the poem here selected be rightly attributed to him, he cannot be denied the singular merit of having united an elegance of taste with an artifice of style which far exceeded his contemporaries."

Whence comes my Love?—oh, heart disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own—
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith [illegible] doth say the heart of stone.

W[illegible] Love, so kind bespeak
[illegible] lip, sweet blushing cheek,
[illegible] to save my pain?
[illegible] thy gifts again.
[illegible] so fair to cause our moan,
[illegible] heart that's like your own.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1586.

Of the gentle and the generous SPENSER, who was the principal poet of an age distinguished for its poetical productions, scanty is the information which posterity at present possesses. He whose merit would confer splendour on any name, cannot be traced in his family connections. It is, however, ascertained that ROSALIND was no imaginary mistress; but that she first awakened in his heart the passion he has so tenderly displayed in his writings, by which he attracted the notice of Sir Philip Sidney, his earliest and noblest patron. Nothing can be more exquisitely touching than the kindness with which ROSALIND is mentioned by a lover who had long despaired of obtaining her affection.

But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
  To use him so, that loved her so well?
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid,
  For loving not—for who can love compel?
And (sooth to say) it is full hardy thing,
  Rashly to censure creatures so divine!
For demigods they be; and first did spring
  From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.

This is the language of a noble and a tender heart. It is not possible for a mind rightly constituted ever to recollect with resentment even the wrongs that have been inflicted by a beloved object. Love will always seek to extenuate the faults of those whom it would believe to be faultless. In his "Faery Queen," SPENSER thus eloquently vindicates this part of his character, against those who seem to have charged him with effeminacy of spirit.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love;
  Nor in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Wherefore they ought not thing unknown reprove,
  Nor natural affection, faultless, blame;

For fault of few that have abus'd the same.
For it of honour and all virtue is
The root; and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss!
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.

But the sonnets of SPENSER are addressed principally, if not entirely, to a lady of whom he became enamoured in Ireland, and who frequented the banks of the Mulla, where he resided in the meridian of his life. If poetry may in such cases be credited, he had now less cause to deplore the unsuccessfulness of his suit to ROSALIND; happy in the possession of one, whose accomplishments, whose beauty, and whose virtue were by no means of a common description. What were the matrimonial fruits of this union, which the bard has commemorated by an animated epithalamium, we are hitherto uninformed. His wife was the daughter of a rich Irish merchant.

SPENSER died about the year 1598; after a chequered, but, on the whole, not a disastrous life. It would be ridiculous to represent him as miserable, who had been loved and patronized by Sidney and Raleigh; whose talents were acknowledged while he was living, and honoured when he was dead. Conformably to his own request, he was interred in Westminster-abbey, near the remains of his admired Chaucer, the funeral being attended by many men both of rank and abilities; and copies of verses, sacred to his memory, thrown into his grave. A monument was afterwards erected to him, by the noble but unfortunate Earl of Essex, who thus honourably repaid the Sonnet addressed to him by the poet, on the publication of his "Faery Queene."

It is at length believed that Spenser was born about the year 1553.

SONNETS.

Fair eyes, the mirror of my mazed heart!
What wondrous virtue is contain'd in you;
The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
But when ye lour, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
But since that life is more than death desir'd,
Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams, of my weak sight admir'd,
May kindle living fire within my breast.
Such life should be the honour of your light;
Such death, the sad ensample of your might!

Was it the work of Nature or of Art,
Which temper'd so the features of her face,
That pride and meekness, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear to' adorn her beauty's grace?—
For with mild pleasaunce, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure;
And, with stern count'nance, back again doth chase
Their looser looks, that stir up lusts impure.
With such strange terms her eyes she doth inure,
That with one look she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure;
Her smile me draws, her frown me drives away:
Thus doth she train and teach me, with her looks!
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNETS.

One day, as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes my Love's immortal light,
(The while my stonish'd heart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,)
I might perceive how in her glancing sight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows, fiery bright,
At every rash beholder passing by;
One of those archers closely I did spy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The Damsel broke his misintended dart:
Had she not so done, sure I had been slain!
Yet, as it was, I hardly scap'd with pain.

Fresh Spring! the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring;
In goodly colours, gloriously array'd.—
Go to my Love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake;
Tell her, the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her Make,
Shall be by him amerc'd with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is prime;
For none can call again the passed time.

SONNETS.

What guile is this—that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it, that men's frail eyes which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine eyes! how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net;
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

Longwhile I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark sprite;
Yet found I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble the' image of their goodly light.
Not to the sun, for *they* do shine by night;
Not to the moon, for *they* are changed never;
Not to the stars, for *they* have purer sight;
Not to the fire, for *they* consume not ever;
Not to the lightning, for *they* still presever;
Not to the diamond, for *they* are more tender;
Not unto crystal, for *them* nought may sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her.
Then, to the Maker's self *they* likest be;
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see!

SONNETS.

FAIR Bosom, fraught with Virtue's richest treasure—
The nest of Love, the lodging of Delight,
The bower of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure,
The sacred harbour of her heavenly sprite!
How was I ravish'd with your lovely sight,
And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray,
While diving deep, through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoil of beauty they did prey:
And tween her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did their wanton wings display;
And there to rest themselves did boldly place!
Sweet Thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wish'd—yet never was so blest.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear Heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride;
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world, unworthy, most envied!
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, disdain of foul dishonour;
Threatening rash eyes, which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they dare not to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour;
That boldness, Innocence bears in her eyes;
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Never was in this world aught worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride?

SONNETS.

The glorious image of her Maker's beauty,
My sovereign Saint! the idol of my thought!
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
To' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for aught:
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heavenly-born,
And with the crew of blessed saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with their gifts adorn;
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire;
What reason is it, then, but she should scorn
Base things, who to her love too bold aspire?
Such heavenly forms ought rather worship'd be,
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree!

Like as a huntsman, after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escap'd away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguilèd of their prey;
So, after long pursuit and vain essay,
When I all weary had the chase forsook,
The gentle Deer return'd the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook;
There, she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her's yet half-trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tied:
Strange thing, me seem'd, to see a beast so wild,
So goodly won—with her own will beguil'd.

JOHN DONNE.

1590.

John Donne, a doctor in divinity, but remembered more as a poet than a preacher, was born at London in 1573. After participating in all the dissipation of youth, caressed by the witty and the gay, his father having bequeathed him the sum of 3,000*l.* he entered into the church; an office to which he aspired in early life, but which the prejudices of his parent, who was of the Roman catholic persuasion, had prevented his assuming. Ardent in whatever he undertook, he became as eminent for his piety, as before he had been fashionable for his levity; and was deservedly esteemed for the eloquence of his pulpit discourses. He was also respected in the state, whose concerns he was frequently employed to negotiate.

Shortly after entering into holy orders, he married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, Lieutenant of the Tower, by which proceeding he became involved in many difficulties; as the union had been contracted in opposition to the wishes of his father-in-law, who for a long time appeared inexorably offended with both parties. Dr. Donne died on March 31, 1631; having survived his lady, whom he tenderly loved, nearly fourteen years. He was buried in the cathedral of St. Paul, of which he had been Dean, and where his abilities had been often successfully exerted. His amatory compositions, though unquestionably the effusions of feeling, and once high in general estimation, are too much allayed by the pedantry of the times in which he flourished, to entitle them to a copious selection.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
    Such forc'd fashions,
    And false passions,
    That they be
    Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught, by thine,
    To make jestings
    Of protestings,
    And break both
    Word and oath,
Keep it still—'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies;
And may laugh and joy when thou
    Art in anguish,
    And dost languish
    For some one
    That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

Dear Love! continue nice and chaste;
For if you yield, you do me wrong!
Let duller wits to love's end haste,
I have enough—to love thee long.

Small favours will my prayers increase;
Granting my suit, you give me all;
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For I have made your Godhead fall.

Then, Love! prolong my suit—for thus,
By losing sport, I sport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin!

My coming near may spy some ill,
And now the world is given to scoff:
To keep my love then, keep me off;
And so I shall admire thee still.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1591.

If confidence is to be placed in the unanimous suffrages of his contemporaries, Sir Philip Sidney was one of the most illustrious cavaliers that have adorned the annals of modern Europe; equally and eminently distinguished for the gracefulness of his deportment, the sweetness of his disposition, the valour of his spirit, the tenderness of his heart, the elegance, the solidity, and the extent of his mental qualifications and acquirements. It is not merely from a Spenser whom he patronized, or a Jonson whom he befriended, that he has derived this exemplary character. With the exception of one "trifler's sacrilegious hand," who latterly attempted to divest his bust of the laurel with which an admiring nation had fondly encircled his brows, the reputation of Sir Philip Sidney has been sacredly cherished by posterity. This heroic and accomplished man, the son of parents estimable for their worth, and descending from noble families, was born at Penshurst in Kent, November 29, 1554. He commenced his travels in 1572, having quitted the university of Oxford when seventeen years of age. Returning in 1575, he was employed on an embassy: in January 1582 he was knighted, and soon after promoted. About 1586, being engaged in foreign wars, he experienced much attention from Don John of Austria, who is known to have been cautious in bestowiug his commendations; and he might have stood for the Crown of Poland, which he declined. Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to call him *Her Philip*, in contradistinction to Philip of Spain, who married her sister and predecessor; though, singular as it may seem, he had been christened in honour of the Spaniard, at the time he was betrothed to Queen Mary. Still emulous of distinction, he joined the campaign of 1586. Here he was unfortunately wounded, during the stand made against the Spaniards at Zutphen, by a musket shot, that broke the bone of his thigh, as he was

mounting a third horse, after two had been killed under him. Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink: as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, seeing a soldier carried along, whose ghastly eyes were directed eagerly towards it, Sir Philip took it from his own lips before he drank, and delivered it to the dying man with these words—"*Thy necessity is yet greater than Mine!*" Having pledged this poor soldier, he was carried to Arnheim; where, after enduring intense bodily pain for the space of sixteen days, he expired on the 22d of September, 1586. His corpse was conveyed to London; and, after laying for some days in public state, was magnificently interred in the cathedral of St. Paul. He left one child, Elizabeth, by his wife, daughter of the great Sir Francis Walsingham.

As to his STELLA, she undoubtedly was the Lady Rich. He describes her of a joyful face, fair skin, beamy eyes, golden haired, of a clear voice, but most fair, most cold; her heart fortified with wit, and stored with disdain! He who confesses himself once to have only ridiculed love in others, now felt it almost insupportable if he was but a week absent from the desire of his soul. In the series of poems, entitled ASTROPHEL and STELLA, are some interesting descriptions of the intercourse that subsisted between the lovers.

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfum'd with flowers fresh growing;
ASTROPHEL, with STELLA sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet.
Sigh they did; but now, betwixt
Sighs of woe, were glad sighs mix'd:
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking!

ASTROPHEL. "Never season was more fit,
"Never room more apt for it;
"Smiling air allows my reason,
"These birds sing—'Now use the season!'

"This small wind, which so sweet is,
"See, how it the leaves doth kiss!
"Each tree, in his best attiring,
"Sense of love to love inspiring."
There *his* hand, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But *her* hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse—all grace excelling!
Then, she spake! her speech was such,
As not ear, but heart did touch.
"ASTROPHEL, (said SHE) my love
"Cease in these effects to prove!
"Now be still! yet still, believe me,
"Thy grief more than death would grieve me.
"Trust me, while I thus deny,
"In myself the smart I try:
"Tyrant honour doth thus use thee;
"STELLA's self might not refuse thee!
"Therefore, Dear! this no more move;
"Lest, though *I* leave not thy love,
"(Which too deep in me is framed!)
"*I should blush when thou art named!*"

Spenser, while enumerating the Court Beauties of his age, has neither forgotten Stella, nor the strains in which she was celebrated. On this occasion, as well as in the sonnet he addressed to the Countess of Pembroke, he bestows a merited encomium on the poetical talents of Sir Philip Sidney. His praise is the less suspicious, as the "noblest shepherd" was now no more!

Nor less praise-worthy Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are,
Whom verse of noblest Shepherd, lately dead,
Hath prais'd; and rais'd above each other Star!

While Sidney avowed his affection for Lady Rich, the sister of Essex, that nobleman appears to have been equally attached to the wife of Sidney, whom he married soon after the death of Sir Philip! The Earl of Essex was engaged in the battle of Zutphen, and witnessed the fate of his friend.

SONNETS.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The Courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
Where *he*?—say they of me—Now do we swear,
He cannot love! no, no; let him alone!
And think so still, so STELLA know my mind.
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art:
But you, fair maids, at length this truth shall find,
That his right badge is worn but in the heart;
Dumb Swans, not chattering Pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed, who quake to say they love!

ALAS! have I not pain enough, my Friend!
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend;
But, with your bitter words, you must contend
To grieve me worse? in saying, that Desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul into the mire
Of sinful thoughts; which do in ruin end.
If that be sin, which doth the manners frame,
Well stay'd with truth in word, and faith in deed;
If that be sin, which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of a loose unchastity;
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

SONNETS.

LOCK up, fair lids! the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age's only light;
To her sweet sense, sweet sleep! some ease impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might.
And while, O Sleep! thou closest up her sight—
Her sight, where Love did forge his fairest dart,
O harbour all her parts in easeful plight:
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.
But yet, O Dream! if thou wilt not depart,
In this rare subject, from thy common right,
But wilt thy self in such a seat delight;
Then take my shape, and play a lover's part:
Kiss her from me; and say, unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night!

SOUL'S Joy! bend not those morning stars from me,
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might;
Where Love is chasteness, pain doth learn delight,
And humbleness grows on with majesty:
Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that sight!
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light.
O look! O shine! O let me die, and see!
For though I oft myself of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds, e'en now, most freshly bleed;
Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Dear Killer! spare not thy sweet cruel shot:
A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed!

SONNETS.

O KISS! which do'st those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweetness to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise:
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls together ties,
By links of Love, and only Nature's art:
Now fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part!
But *she* forbids; with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise.
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be!
Then since, dear Life! you fain would have me peace;
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease;
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.

O HAPPY Thames, that didst my STELLA bear!
I saw thee, with full many a smiling line,
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear;
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat, for joy, could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine,
Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine;
And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but forc'd by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd: from window I,
With sight thereof, cried out—O fair disgrace,
Let honour's self to thee grant highest place!

SONNET.

BE your words made, good Sir! of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you courted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phœnix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God! think you, *that* satisfies *my* care?
I would know, whether she do sit or walk?
How cloth'd? How waited on? Sigh'd she, or smil'd?
Whereof? with whom? how often did she talk?
With what pastime, time's journey she beguil'd?
If her lips deign'd to sweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well said, still say the same.

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

1592.

The family of Drayton was originally settled in the town of Drayton in Leicestershire: but of the life of this distinguished poet few memorials are preserved. His birth is believed to have been at Harsall, Warwickshire, in 1563. While living, he enjoyed the friendship of many persons distinguished either for their rank or talents; and his name has been transmitted to posterity, with the highest moral reputation. Dying in 1631, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, among the poets; where the Countess of Dorset, who had given monuments to Spenser and Daniel, raised a handsome table of blue marble to his memory, adorned with his effigies laureated in busto, and enriched with an epitaph by Quarles, written in letters of gold, which is still legible.

Having, in a preliminary sonnet, disclaimed any experience of the passion that he afterwards proceeds to describe, Drayton has been regarded as writing only with a view to ridicule the compositions of his contemporaries. There does not, however, appear sufficient reason so completely to disqualify his amatorial pretensions. He may not be less sincere, because less sentimental than others.

SONNETS.

Love, banish'd Heaven, on earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Guest;
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.
But this Ungrateful, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart;
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
  Well, well my friends! when beggars grow thus bold,
  No marvel, then, though charity grow cold!

Dear! why should you command me to my rest,
When now the Night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks, this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which, though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings;
And each returns unto his Love at night!
O, thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why should'st thou, Night! abuse me only thus;
That ev'ry creature to his kind do'st call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
  Well could I wish it would be ever day,
  If, when night comes, you bid me go away.

SONNET.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me:
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen, in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death;
And Innocence is closing up her eyes;
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life, thou might'st him *yet* recover!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1592.

Samuel Daniel, born at Taunton, 1562, had the felicity of being early noticed by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the intelligent and accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney. His merit afterwards attracted the patronage of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, by whose friendship he procured a situation about the court, from which he derived such a degree of emolument as enabled him to indulge his propeusity for poetical pursuits.

Of the Delia whom his Sonnets have perpetuated, very little is discovered; except, as her lover informs us, that she resided near the banks of the Avon; and that he went abroad, in the hope of obliterating the remembrance of her cruelty. She appears to have been a lady of considerable respectability, with whom the splendor of rank possessed higher fascination than the charms of poetry. The last sonnet in the present collection, was addressed to her on the author's going into Italy.

It is not known at what period of his life Daniel travelled into Italy; where, in all probability, he became acquainted with the family of Florio, whose sister, Justina, he married. After enjoying an extensive reputation in the calm of retirement, he died, October 1619, without issue, at Beckington in Somersetshire, his native county.

Shakspeare, it is believed, aspired to imitate the Sonnets of Daniel; and Drummond evidently selected him as his model, in this species of composition. Higher commendation than this, the admiration of Shakspeare and Drummond, no poet need be solicitous to acquire. So exquisite, indeed, is the polish displayed in many of Daniel's productions, that in this particular he is equalled by few succeeding writers, and has hardly been surpassed by any. His sentiments are natural, his language is simple and affecting, his versification is correct and melodious.

SONNETS.

Fair is my Love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow-shades frown, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey:
A modest Maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes, that look upon her;
Sacred on earth, design'd a saint above!
Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconcilèd friends within her brow;
And had she pity, to conjoin with those,
Then, who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

If that a loyal heart, and faith unfeign'd;
If a sweet languish, with a chaste desire;
If hunger-starven thoughts, so long restrain'd,
Fed but with smoke, and cherish'd but with fire;
And if a brow with care's charácters painted,
Bewrays my love; with broken words half spoken,
To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open:
If I have done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighs still tending on her name;
If on her love my life and honour lies,
And she, the' unkindest Maid! still scorns the same:
Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is her's, though mine the hurt must be!

SONNETS.

Look, Delia, how we' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty time bestows upon her!
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

Let others sing of knights and palladines,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes!
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet the' unborn shall say—"Lo, where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!"
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and time's consuming rage.
Though the' error of my youth they shall discover;
Suffice they shew—I liv'd, and was thy lover!

SONNETS.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty;
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal:
Here, I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast the' accounts of all my care;
Here, I have summ'd my sighs; here, I enrol
How they were spent for thee! Look what they are;
Look on the dear expences of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes;
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And cross my cares, e'er greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet Maid! though it be done but slightly:
Who can shew all his love, doth love but lightly.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings
About the temple of the proudest Frame,
Where blaze those lights, fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame:
My' ambitious thoughts, confinéd in her face,
Affect no honour but what she can give:
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
For she, that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is:
My fortune's wheels, the circuit of her eyes;
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss,
All my life's sweet consists in her alone:
So much I love the most unloving one!

SONNETS.

Restore thy tresses to the Golden ore;
To Cytherea's son those arks of love;
Bequeath the Heavens the stars that I adore;
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove:
Yield thy hands' pride unto the Ivory white;
To' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet:
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd;
And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheres;
But then restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears:
Yield to the *marble* thy hard *heart* again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to plain.

I must not grieve my Love! whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time, before they come to seed;
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
Ah! sport, sweet Maid, in season of these years;
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither:
Lighten forth smiles, to clear the clouded air;
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the Fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one!

SONNETS.

WHY should I sing in verse; why should I frame
  These sad neglected notes, for her dear sake?
  Why should I offer up unto her name
  The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
  That never deigns to give me joy to live?
  Why should my' afflicted Muse so much endeavour
  Such honour unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
  What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
  If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
  What passions would her milder favours move?
Favours, I think, would sense quite overcome;
And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

AND whither, poor Forsaken! wilt thou go,
  To go from sorrow, and thine own distress;
  When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
  And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
Yet go, Forsaken! leave these woods, these plains;
  Leave her and all, and all for her that leaves
  Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains;
  And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
Seek out some place; and see if any place
  Can give the least release unto thy grief;
  Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
  Steal from thyself, and be thy care's own thief.
But yet what comfort shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain!

GREVILLE, LORD BROOK.

1592.

Fulk Greville, afterwards created Knight of the Bath, and Lord Brook of Beauchamp's Court, was born in 1554, the same year as Sir Philip Sidney, with whom he lived, studied, fought; and in memory of whose friendship, he ordered the following inscription to be fixed on his own grave—

Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
Counsellor to King James,
And Friend to Sir Philip Sidney!

His Lordship, though he lived and died unmarried, was a sincere and fervent admirer of the ladies. Perhaps, indeed, the specimen of his poetical talents, which is here presented to the reader, might authorise the supposition of his having been disappointed in the object of his affection; a supposition, that would sufficiently explain the cause of his leading a life of celibacy. The piece is valuable, if it be only that it exhibits the simplicity of antient courtship, even among the higher orders of society in this country.

I, WITH whose colours MYRA drest her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand-making;
I, that mine own name in the chimnies read,
By MYRA finely wrought e'er I was waking;
  Must I look on—in hope time-coming may,
  With change, bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers;
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was our's:
  Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
  And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her Mother left;
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed;
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft;
I, who did make her blush when I was named;
  Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
  Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like Jealousy o'erwatched with Desire,
Was even warned modesty to keep,
While her breath, speaking, kindled nature's fire;
  Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
  Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this, that I might MYRA see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet could she never write her love to me!
Thinks wit of change, while thoughts are in delight?
  Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave:
  No man can print a kiss, lines may deceive.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1594.

This distinguished character, whose fate constitutes an indelible reproach to the country that his services had adorned, was born in 1552, at the village of Hayes in Devonshire. No less an admirer of genius, than a valiant warrior, and enlightened statesman, RALEIGH has the credit of having strenuously befriended Spenser, by introducing his works more particularly to the notice of Queen Elizabeth. There is an anecdote respecting Sir Walter, which, while it explains the origin of her favour towards him, affords no inconsiderable evidence of his general gallantry to the sex. The circumstance is thus recited by William King, in his poem of the "Art of Love."

Oh, think it not a too officious care,
With eagerness to run and help the Fair!
So, when Eliza (whose propitious days
Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise,
Whose ruling genius shew'd a master-stroke
In every thing she did, and all she spoke,)
Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
Had fill'd, but seem'd as stepping back again;
Young RALEIGH scorn'd to see his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloke beneath her feet.
The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great!

Perhaps this predilection on her Majesty's part induced her afterwards to oppose his passion for Mrs. Throckmorton, one of her ladies in waiting; on which occasion, RALEIGH was commanded to withdraw from court, in order that distance might cool the fervour of his attachment! Having, at length, the misfortune to survive his royal mistress, he was sacrificed by her successor, James I. to the malignant jealousy of his enemies; being beheaded in Old Palace Yard, October 29, 1618. Those who could not vanquish him in the field, were contented to triumph on a scaffold.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart!
  The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
  Who sues for no compassion:

Since if my plaints were not to' approve
  The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
  But fear to' exceed my duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
  A saint of such perfection,
As all desire but none deserve
  A place in her affection;

I rather choose to want relief,
  Than venture the revealing:
Where glory recommends the grief,
  Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
  Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
  May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
  My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
  And sues for no compassion.

Shall I like an hermit dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell?
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be!

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too:
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize,
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip:
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too:
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

FRANCIS DAVISON.

1602.

Few readers are unacquainted with the sufferings of the unfortunate Secretary Davison, who was so deeply implicated in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. Francis Davison, author of the following poems, was the son of that statesman. The pieces are transcribed from the publication entitled "A Poetical Rhapsodie," of which there have been three editions.

Ah, Cupid, I mistook thee;
I for an archer and no fencer took thee:
But as a fencer oft feigns blows and thrusts
Where he intends no harm,
Then turns his baleful arm
And wounds that part which least his foe mistrusts;
So thou with fencing art,
Feigning to wound mine eyes, hast hit my heart.

Love! if a god thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be merciful and just;
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Lady's heart?
If merciful;—then why
Am I to pain reserv'd,
Who have thee truly serv'd,
While she, that by thy power sits not afly,
Laughs thee to scorn, and lives at liberty?
Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

Some there are as fair to see to,
But by art and not by nature;
Some as tall and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature:
Some have gracious kind behaviour,
But are foul or simple creatures;
Some have wit but want sweet favour,
Or are proud of their good features.
Only you, and you want pity,
Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty.

When I to you of all my woes complain,
Which you make me endure without release,
With scornful smiles you answer me again,
That lovers true must bear, and hold their peace.
Dear! I will bear, and hold my peace; if you
Will hold your peace, and bear what I shall do.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

1608.

William Shakspeare was born of reputable parents, April 23, 1564, at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire. His education was such as a country free school could then supply, but limited as to duration; and he married very early in life. It is remarkable, that he died on the same day of the same month in which he was born (April 23), in the year 1616, and at his native place. He died in good circumstances, at his house of New Place, and was buried in the great church of Stratford. Shakspeare's lesser poems seem deserving of more attention than they have usually obtained.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain!

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee!

SONNETS.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd;
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go;
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
  Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast-state;
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries;
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest;
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least!
Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising,
From sullen earth to sing at heaven's gate:
  For thy sweet love, remember'd, such wealth brings,
  That *then* I scorn to change my state with kings!

SONNETS.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool; though rosy lips, and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not, with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
  If this be error, and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eye-lids through the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames, and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great!
It is my love, that keeps mine eyes awake;
Mine own true love, that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
  For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere;
  From me far off, with others all too near.

SONNETS.

Then hate me, when thou wilt, if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross;
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquer'd foe!
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite;
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might:
  And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
  Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love!
Now all is done, save what shall have no end,
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend;
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
  Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
  Even to thy pure, and most, most loving breast!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

1612.

William Drummond, the first Scottish poet who wrote with purity and elegance in English, was born at Hawthornden, in Mid Lothian, his patrimonial seat, December 13, 1585. Sedulously improving the advantages of a liberal education, acquired in Edinburgh, he afterwards repaired to France, where he studied the civil law at Bourges. Devoted, however, to the pleasures of seclusion, he wholly declined the contest of men; and retired, early in life, to Hawthornden. It was thus, that amidst the serenity of nature, ever promotive of the tenderer passions, he became enamoured of the Lesbia whose charms were never obliterated from his heart. This lady was the daughter of a Mr. Cunningham, of Barnes. According to the information respecting her to be gleaned from the praises of her lover, she was not only royally descended, but, with the most animating personal attractions, possessed a highly intelligent mind, a voice of melody, and was constitutionally cheerful. His addresses, fervently offered, being at last accepted, the day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials; when the expected bride was suddenly seized with a fever, which in a short time terminated her life, in the bloom and "April of her Years!" This shock, that must have seriously affected even an ordinary mind, Drummond never properly recovered. Indeed, he did not at first attempt to escape from scenes which, continually reminding him of his past delights, appeared only to confirm his sorrows. The fields, over which they had strayed; the river, to whose murmurs they had listened; the blooms, they had reciprocally admired; the trees, under which they had been seated; these, for a long time, were the objects of his invariable contemplation, and the sources of his deepest gratification. There is in real grief a solemnity congenial only with solitude; a stillness, which the bustle of

mankind would irritate, instead of diverting. From ourselves must be derived the consolation that no sympathy can otherwise impart. It is not till the softness of melancholy has succeeded to the bitterness of anguish, that we are qualified to mingle in the cares and pursuits of others.

Roused, however, from this pensive inactivity, Drummond made the tour of the continent, residing alternately at Rome and Paris; whence, after an absence of nearly eight years, he returned home: and, in 1630, united himself to Elizabeth Logan, grand daughter of Sir Robert Logan, of Restalrig, whom he married chiefly on account of her personal resemblance to LESBIA! Steadily attached to the royal cause, the subversion of the monarchy, which soon after took place, and which he had frequently foreboded, is believed to have contributed in hastening his death. This event happened December 4, 1649, in the 64th year of his age. He had several children, of whom one was knighted by Charles II. His remains were deposited under his own aisle, in the church of Lasswader.

Drummond has with justice been entitled the Scotch Petrarch. While, however, he resembles his Italian predecessor in the mournful catastrophe of his passion, and the polished elegance of his diction, he excels him in that affecting simplicity which constitutes the highest charm of amatory compositions.

THE KISS.

THE kiss, with so much strife,
Which I late got, sweet Heart!
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st.—Ah! what didst thou bequeath;
A dying life to me, or living death?

How comes it, Sleep! that thou
Even kisses me affords,
Of her (dear her), so far who's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ah me! before half day,
Why didst thou steal away?
Return! I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that Guest again.

SONNETS.

THAT learned Grecian who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the after worlds Divine, doth tell—
That all the time when first our souls are fram'd,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in Heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel.
It is most true! for straight, at the first sight,
My mind me told that, in some other place,
It elsewhere saw the' idea of that face;
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
  What wonder *now* I feel so fair a flame,
  Since I her lov'd ere on this earth she came?

O SACRED Blush! enpurpling cheeks' pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread thee like the morn!
O bashful Look! sent from those shining eyes,
Which, though slid down on earth, doth heaven adorn!
O Tongue! in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn!
Dear coral Lip! which beauty beautifies;
That trembling stood, before her words were born!
And ye, her Words! words, no—but golden chains
Which did enslave my ears, ensnare my soul;
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to control:
  So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
  That I love more, if more my love can be.

SONNETS.

SHE whose fair flowers no Autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial earthly hues doth stain;
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone, to brave the pride of May;
And whilst through flowery lists she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her sight to entertain,
Lo! unawares, where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought of him to make her prey.
For which, of golden locks a fairest hair
To bind the boy she took; but he, afraid
At her approach, sprang swiftly in the air;
And, mounting far from reach, look'd back, and said—
"Why should'st thou, Sweet, me seek in chains to bind,
"Sith in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?"

ALL other Beauties, howsoe'er they shine;
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like her that comes the sun before;
Match'd with that heavenly hue and shape of thine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as shadows—or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine!
Who sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee, had Narcissus had the grace,
He would have died with wondering on thy face!

SONNETS.

Trust not, sweet Soul! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
Nor snow of cheeks, with tyrian grain enroll'd:
Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose;
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice;
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
 The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flow'rs,
 Shall once, Ah me! not spare that Spring of your's.

Window! sometime which servéd for a sphere
To that dear Planet of my Heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night;
While she in thee more beauteous did appear.
What mourning weeds, alas! dost thou now wear!
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight!
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since set that sun which made thee shine so bright!
Unhappy, now thee close; for as of late
To wondering eyes thou wert a Paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise:
 But unto none so noisome as to me,
 Who hourly see my murdered joys in thee!

SONNETS.

ARE these the flowery banks, is this the mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Was it here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes salt show'rs;
While on her lap did lay my wearied head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erspread,
Whose tender rind, cut forth in curious flowers
By that white hand, contains these flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring spring, us music made?
Deflourisht mead! where is your heavenly hue?
And, bank! that arras did you late adorn?
How look'st thou, elm! all withered and forlorn?
Only sweet spring! nought alter'd seems in you:
  But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
  To salt your streams, take of mine eyes these tears!

MY Lute! be as thou wert, when thou did grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove;
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear Voice, which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth, to tune those spheres above;
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to their fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent, as in woods before:
  Or, if that any hand to touch thee deign,
  Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain!

SONNETS.

Sweet Spring! thou turn'st, with all thy goodly train;
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain;
The clouds, for joy, in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Turn'st thou, sweet Youth! but; ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again!
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone! nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
  Neglected Virtue! seasons go and come;
  While thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb!

Sweet Soul! which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the Heaven, mad'st poor this round;
And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres!
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe, that all upbears;
If ruth and pity there above be found;
O! deign to lend a look unto these tears,
Do not disdain, dear Ghost! this sacrifice.
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My offerings take; let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise!
  And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
  Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

1616.

It cannot be objected to Jonson, that his life was undiversified by change, or unproductive of incident. He was born in Westminster, June 11, 1574; and was for some time instructed at the school of that name, then under the mastership of Camden. Finding the progress of his education embarrassed by the contractedness of his pecuniary resources, he repaired to the continent, where he engaged himself in a military capacity, till, relinquishing the profession of arms, he resolved to return to London; and commenced actor. Unsuccessfulness in this department, at length, induced him to turn his attention to dramatic composition. He was now fortunate enough to become the favourite writer for the stage; a reputation that he maintained, nearly to the close of his career, with very little abatement. On the death of Daniel, he was also nominated poet laureat, by which his intercourse with the great became more extended, and his celebrity, among the literati of the times, proportionably augmented. That he was married, and had several children, is all that biography has related of his domestic connections. He died, at his house in Aldersgate Street, August 6, 1637: his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

There are reasons for concluding that Celia, to whom so many of his lesser poems are dedicated, was not an ideal mistress; but a lady, though united to another, who was by no means indifferent to the advances of the poet. All the effusions to which she appears to have given birth, abundantly support this opinion. Sometimes she is reminded how easy it is to "*delude* the eyes of a few poor *household spies*;" that, indeed, her "wary lover can her *favours keep and cover*:" then, she is admonished to "drink to him *only with her eyes!*" What became of Celia, it would be vain to enquire: but the hard encoun-

tred a second love, when on the verge of fifty years, in the beauties of his CHARIS, on whose charms he expatiates with all the vigour and enthusiasm of early affection. Alas! the golden days of love were now past! "Grey hairs, a mountain-belly, and a rocky face,"—for such is the representation that Jonson gives of himself at this period,—were not likely to attract youth, and beauty, and rank. He may therefore be credited, when he complains of the inefficacy with which the incense of his vows daily ascended before the fair object of his amorous adoration.

O DO not wanton with those eyes,
  Lest I be sick with seeing!
Nor cast them down; but let them rise,
  Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
  For then their threats will kill me!
Nor look too kind on my desires,
  For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
  For so will sorrow slay me:
Nor spread them, as distract with fears;
  Mine own enough betray me!

FOR love's sake, kiss me once again!
I long, and should not beg in vain:
  Here's none to spy, or see;
    Why do you doubt, or stay?
  I'll taste as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and (faith) I will be gone;
Can he that loves, ask less than one?
  Nay you may err in this,
    And all your bounty wrong;
  This could be call'd but half a kiss.
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last; and tell
Where, how it would have relish'd well;
  Join lip to lip, and try
    Each to suck other's breath;
  And, whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death!

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love!
Time will not be ours for ever;
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not, then, his gifts in vain,
Suns may set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor houshold spies;
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen;
These have crimes accounted been.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine!
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine:
But, might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine!

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdred, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd—
Though art's hid causes are not found—
All is not sweet, all is not sound!

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

THOMAS CAREW.

1620.

Descended from an ancient and respectable family, Thomas Carew was born, probably in Gloucestershire, about the year 1577. Of the first part of his life, it is only known that he added to the advantages of an university education, the improvements arising from travelling, and a general intercourse with the world. His qualifications were of such a nature as procured him great esteem among the witty and the fashionable of his age, and even excited the attention of Charles I. who appointed him to a situation about his person. Most of his poetical transports are addressed to a lady whom he has named Celia, and who was unquestionably the queen of his amatory idolatry. For her only, he appears to have entertained a real affection; and in her only, he seems to have been disappointed. Such a fate, though it cannot excuse the libertinism that has been imputed to Carew, will, with those who have investigated the fluctuations of human passion, naturally account for the irregularities observable in his conduct. During the sickness that preceded his dissolution, he deeply regretted the dissipation to which he had too frequently abandoned himself. "He died (says Clarendon) with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of christianity that his best friends could desire." This happened in the year 1634.

Sufficient honour has scarcely been awarded to the poetical merits of Carew. He displayed a character of his own. In his writings are discovered the first specimens of light and elegant composition; of that playful tenderness, and interesting gaiety, to which our language was yet a stranger. Notwithstanding the venerable decision of Johnson, it is not to Waller that English literature must originally ascribe the refinement to which it has since attained.

Now that the Winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the Frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.
Now, do a choir of Chirping Minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the Morning of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile! only my Love doth lour!
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the pow'r
To melt the marble ice that still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and make her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside: but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep,
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the Season.—Only she doth carry
June in her eyes; in her heart, January!

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love!

The fish shall in the ocean burn;
And fountains sweet, shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethé shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my CELIA I deceive!

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' Doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to shew his light;
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my CELIA dear!

I'LL gaze no more on Her bewitching face,
Since ruin harbours there in every place;
For my enchanted soul alike she drowns,
With calms or tempests of her smiles and frowns!
I'll love no more those cruel eyes of her's,
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderérs:
For if she dart, like lightning through the air,
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy—and die!

ASK me no more—where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more—whither do stray
The golden atoms of the Day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more—whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet-dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more—where those Stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more—if east or west,
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you, at last, she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

Wonder not though I am blind;
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart;

Then, you'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light!
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

Ask me, why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me, why I send to you
This Primrose, all bepearl'd with dew?
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears!

Ask me, why this Flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me, why the stalk is weak;
And, bending, yet it doth not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover!

Fear not, dear Love! that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal!
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry what thou and I have done;
No ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himself, whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart,
Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stolen embraces dwell.

This only means may find it out;—
If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and, there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart: ô then! I fear,
The world will see thy picture there!

KNOW, CELIA, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere,
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there!

Tempt me with such affrights no more;
Lest what I made I uncreate!
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Know her themselves through all her veils.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter!

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As he brings ruin that repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow,
With envious veils, from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made discover!

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heart, in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!
True love can never change his seat;
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive,
Still shall survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade:
My very ashes, in their urn,
Shall like a hallow'd lamp for ever burn!

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1621.

This accomplished statesman was born at Bocton Hall, Kent, in 1568. After having perfected an academical education by travelling, during which he cultivated an acquaintance with the most learned men in Europe, he attached himself to the Earl of Essex, till, on the fall of that nobleman, he deemed it expedient to retire to Florence, where he remained till the death of Queen Elizabeth. The annexed poem, composed during embassies, was written in honour of the princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia in 1619. So devoted was Sir Henry's attachment to this amiable but unfortunate lady, whose interests he was frequently engaged in negotiating, that he gave away a jewel worth 1000 *l.* which had been presented to him by the Emperor of Germany——"because it came from an enemy to his royal Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia." He died in 1639, in the situation of Provost of Eton, having entered into Holy Orders.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies!
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the Spring were all your own!
  What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen
  In form, and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
  Tell me, if she were not design'd
  The' eclipse and glory of her kind?

GEORGE WITHER.

1622.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, at Mayndowne in Hampshire. From being the poet of love, he became the laureat of liberty, attached himself to the republican faction, and was confidentially employed by Oliver Cromwell. He did not long survive the restoration of royalty, dying May 2, 1667. It is for his amatory effusions, rather than his political pasquinades, that Wither is entitled to a place among our standard poets.

Circumstances indicate the first of the following poems to have been written while the author was at Oxford, in his 18th year, during his youthful excursions to Medley; near which place there was a house for summer entertainment, much frequented by the collegians. Nothing can be more simply affecting than the description of the lovers, in their "midnight walk home together through the town;" when, student-like, he was accustomed to "cast his gown over" his mistress, in order to defend her from the inclemency of the hour. The very scite of their amours is ascertained. This spot lay between Godstow and Medley, on the banks of the Thames, whither, as the poet has told us,

> "The boatmen then stood ready,
> My Love and I to row!"

The second composition, naturally expresses the mortification of his spirit, on being disappointed by the object of his early affection. Once deceived, he resolves to be deceived no more. It is well, if here his determination rested; if resolution did not produce retaliation; if his experience of inconstancy in one woman, induced him not to believe that the sex were all equally capricious; if, in fact, he did not afterwards inflict on another, with aggravated circumstances, the misery he had been fated to suffer.

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen;
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too:
But now, alas! she's left me!

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which past all others far;
She would me Honey call;
She'd, ô she'd kiss me too!
But now, alas! she's left me.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my only Sweeting,
She made my heart full glad:
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew;
But now, alas! she's left me!

And as abroad we walk'd,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talk'd,
The sun would steal a kiss;
The wind upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew;
But now, alas! she's left me!

As we walk'd home together,
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather,
O'er her I'd cast my gown;
No cold my Love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do:
But now, alas! she's left me!

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last!
They are Judas-kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue;
For now, alas! she's left me!

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp those wanton arms;
Sugar'd wounds can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms.)
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such, as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Go, go, display
Thy beauties' ray

To some more soon enamour'd swain:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye,
Shew not me a painted beauty;
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain:
I love her so,
Whose looks swear No,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst there's nobler hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain;
And those I'll prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
  Where each lustful lad may woo :
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty
  Buzzards dare not soar unto;
      She, she it is
      Affords that bliss
  For which I would refuse no pain !
      But such as you,
      Fond fools, adieu;
  You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leavé me;
  Seek no more to work my harms;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
  Who am proof against your charms:
      You labour may
      To lead astray
  The heart, that constant shall remain;
      And I the while
      Will sit and smile
  To see you spend your time in vain.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1626.

Contemporary with Carew, to whose genius his own appears greatly to have assimilated, Herrick, though his productions have not till lately received the attention they merit, was once highly and deservedly applauded. He was born in London, August 24, 1591; and having taken the degree of M. A. in 1629, he was afterwards promoted to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devonshire. Being ejected from this preferment under the protectorate, he experienced all the inconveniences of penury till his restoration to the living, in 1660. He is believed to have died Vicar of Dean Prior, against the inhabitants of which, in the early part of his life, he had notwithstanding vented many peevish and splenetic accusations. He was intimate with most of the popular characters of his times; and many of his poems being set to music by the celebrated Lawes, they were extensively sung.

Julia was, perhaps, the Mrs. Wheeler whom he somewhere styles his "beloved Mistress!" Be this as it may, Herrick was no platonist in his amours, as the tender reproach of his favourite Fair—"Herrick, thou art too coarse for love!"—unequivocally demonstrates. There is a freedom and sweetness in his more finished productions, which must forcibly recommend them to every reader of taste.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanc'd a Bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,

He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So JULIA took the Pilferer.
And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself to' excuse:
Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her Ladyship:
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That *that* he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

TO ANTHEA.

BID me to live, and I will live
  Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
  A loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
  A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou can'st find—
  That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
  To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
  It shall do so for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
  Under yon cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
  E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
  The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
  To live and die for thee.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Goddess! I do love a Girl
Ruby-lipt, and tooth'd with pearl!
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this Maid I love;
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offered up to Thee.

TO JULIA.

Why dost thou wound and break my heart,
As if we should for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I would come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now.

Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,
Which sits as dew of roses there,—
That tear shall scarce be dried, before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door.
Then weep not, Sweet! but thus much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

JULIA! when thy HERRICK dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes!
And his *last breath*, let it be
Taken in by none but thee!

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

1630.

Randolph was born in Northamptonshire, about the year 1607, educated on the foundation of Westminster, and afterwards sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. A strong propensity to youthful pleasures, too freely indulged, brought him prematurely to the grave, when he had scarcely attained the twenty-seventh year of his age.

I HAVE a Mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair!
Like tapers, on the altar, shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in!
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care;
And come unto my courtship, as my prayer:
We sit, and talk; and kiss away the hours,
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers.

We wear no flesh: but one another greet,
As blessed souls in separation meet.
Were it possible that my ambitious sin
Durst commit rapes upon a cherubin;
I might have lustful thought to her, of all
Earth's heavenly quire the most angelical!
Looking into my breast, her form I find,
That, like my guardian angel, keeps my mind
From rude attempts; and when affections stir,
I calm all passions with one thought of her.

Thus they whose reasons love, and not their sense,
The Spirits love: thus one intelligence
Reflects upon his like; and by chaste loves,
In the same sphere this and that Angel moves.
Beasts love like men; if men in lust delight,
And call that love which is but appetite!
When essence meets with essence, and souls join
In mutual knots, that's the true nuptial twine.
Such, Lady! is my love; and such is true:
All other love is to your sex, not you.

Fair Lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass—
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lips that would entice
Even gods to kiss, at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare,
That with your shadow might compare,
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most doat upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie;
And you are much deceiv'd, for I
A beauty know of richer grace.
Sweet! be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me!
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love.

Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty,
Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could except yourself love none:
What then you cannot love, let me—
That face I can, you cannot see!

"Now, you have what you love (you'll say),
What then is left for me, I pray?"
My face, sweet Heart! if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see.
So either love shall gain his due,
Your's, Sweet! in me, and mine in you!

THOMAS MAY.

1628.

This writer, distinguished both as poet and historian, was born about 1596, in Sussex. He died in 1652, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dear! do not your fair beauty wrong,
In thinking still you are too young!
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.

Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet:
Then lose no time!—for Love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

EDMUND WALLER.

1636.

Edmund Waller, the Laureat of the Fair, and the favourite of fortune, was born of an antient and affluent family, at Coleshill in Hertfordshire, March 3, 1605. He received a gentlemanly education; and married early, to a city heiress, who, dying shortly after their union, left him rich, handsome, accomplished, and unincumbered, at the age of twenty-five. Elated by these advantages, it was now that he declared his passion for lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, the Sacharissa whose perfections he successfully studied to immortalise. Whatever were the motives of her aversion, his advances were never encouraged. The complaints, or rather remonstrances, of her lover betray on every occasion the mortification that her repulses inflicted; his reproaches evince more of angry disappointment, than affectionate solicitude; and, though the situation in which he offered himself might, in point of circumstances, be supposed to testify the sincerity of his professions, his vanity seems to have suffered more than his heart, by the haughtiness with which he was treated. To terminate effectually the hopes and fears of her admirer, and free herself from the irksomeness of importunity, Sacharissa became the wife of Spenser, Earl of Sunderland. How should a beautiful woman silence the public addresses of a lover whom she does not approve, except by a public expression of her sentiments?

However affected by this rejection, Waller, still confident of success, immediately avowed himself in pursuit of Lady Sophia Murray, known in his poems by the poetical appellation of Amoret! Perhaps the intimacy subsisting between Amoret and Sacharissa did not permit the former to receive one whom the latter had discarded; for with Amoret, it should seem, his fate was equally unpropitious. Indeed, the contrasted praises of the *two* friends, in one of his poems to *Amoret*, where the superiority is

repeatedly lavished on *Sacharissa*, cannot be supposed to have advanced him in the estimation of Amoret. There might be much sincerity in such a production, but certainly there was no gallantry.

In 1640, Waller accompanied the Earl of Warwick to the Bermuda Islands, partly to recover, by absence, from the effect of disappointed passion. Returning to England, he united himself to a lady named Bresse, by whom he had thirteen children. He died October 21, 1687, at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, where a monument is erected to his memory. SACHARISSA died in 1683, after remaining about forty years in widowhood; her Lord having unfortunately perished in the battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643, before he had completed the twenty-fourth year of his age. She had, by him, one son and two daughters; and was buried in the same vault with him, at Brinton, in Northamptonshire.

Waller was again a widower, in 1643. This circumstance, though unnoticed by biographers, is evident from his speech delivered in that year at the bar of the Commons, where, imploring the mercy of the House with regard to the part he had sustained in the plot for restoring the King, he deprecates the fate of his children, "*already motherless*," should the sentence of his judges render them "fatherless also!"

Living at this distance from the scene of his poems, and personally unacquainted with the beauties they have portrayed, we can scarcely imagine the celebrity that Waller enjoyed, or the enthusiastic admiration with which his name was once pronounced by the graceful and the beauteous. He has said of himself,

> "What then he sung, in his immortal strain,
> Though unsuccessful—was not sung in vain;
> All but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
> Attend his passion, and approve his Song!"

Inconstant rather than unprincipled in politics, he celebrated Cromwell, to whom he was both related and obligated; and, on the Restoration, he praised Charles II.

to whose cause he was really attached. If he did not exhibit an example of public consistency, neither is he the first who has yielded to the fluctuations of common opinion.

THE GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done!

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer!
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow Compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

THE DREAM.

Say, lovely Dream! where could'st thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise!
Thus deluded, am I blest;
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream;
Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine:
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine;

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethé, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death-resembling, equals all.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.

Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away:
Love hath swifter wings than time;
Change in love to Heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our past desire?
On what shepherds you have smil'd?
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd?
Leave it to the planets, too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love!

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on *Amoret;*
But with wonder I am struck,
While I on the other look.

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for SACHARISSA, I
Do not only grieve, but die!

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely *Amoret!* is thine;
SACHARISSA's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty SACHARISSA's scorn:
But 'tis sure some Power above,
Which controls our wills in love.

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire,
In my breast solicits me,
Beauteous *Amoret!* for thee.

'Tis amazement, more than love,
Which HER radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heav'n (as easily scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored Dame!
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send.
So that, if it could take end,
'Twould to Heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied;
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then, die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read, in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet, and fair!

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1635.

This amiable man and estimable poet was born November 4, 1605, at Hindlip in Worcestershire, his paternal seat, whose excellencies he has so charmingly described in a poem addressed to CASTARA. Having reaped the best fruits of a liberal and accomplished education, he early resigned himself to the calmness of seclusion, varied chiefly by literary amusement. "Expert in Home Cosmography," rather than emulous of enlisting amongst the votaries of restlessness or profusion, he not only restricted his pleasures to the circle of private intercourse, but declined any active participation in the scenes which agitated this country soon after the accession of Charles I. He died on the 30th of November, 1654.

Castara, whom he married, was Lucia, daughter of William Herbert, Lord Powis. He probably experienced much difficulty in obtaining the hand of this Lady, though he appears readily to have secured her heart. In one of his poems, when enumerating the perfections with which she stood invested,—her descent, her fortune, her beauty, her graces, her acquirements, her virtues,—he affects to wish her less elevated and distinguished, that his adoration of her might not be ascribed to interested motives, and the contemplation of adventitious splendor. It is also evident, that the Earl was not altogether reconciled to his daughter's election of Habington, even after their marriage had been solemnised. Such were the auspices of an union destined to reflect unfading honour on the family by whom it was opposed! Justly did the poet anticipate, in the sonnet entitled "*His Muse speaks to him*," the meed which was due to his genius, and which, assuredly, will yet be awarded.

Thy vows are heard; and thy Castaras's name
Is writ as fair in the' register of Fame,

As the' ancient Beauties, which translated are
By poets up to Heaven—each there a Star.
Dead, in Love's firmament, no Star shall shine
So nobly fair, so purely chaste as thine!

HABINGTON.

TO ROSES, IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

Ye, blushing Virgins! happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts;
For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests!

Transplanted thus, how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than in the' open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then, that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be;
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breast hath marble been to me!

CUPID'S DEATH AND BURIAL, IN CASTARA'S CHEEK.

Cupid's dead! who would not die,
To be interr'd so near her eye!
Who would fear the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave;

O'er which two bright tapers burn,
To give light to the' beauteous Urn!
At the first, CASTARA smil'd;
Thinking Cupid her beguil'd,
Only counterfeiting death,
But when she perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd; the mournful Girl,
To entomb the boy in pearl,
Wept so long till piteous Jove
From the ashes of this love
Made ten thousand Cupids rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to shew they lack
No due sorrow, still wear black;
But the blacks so glorious are,
Which they mourn in, that the fair
Quires of stars look pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out-shin'd by Jet.

RETIREMENT.

Do not their prófane orgies hear,
Who but to wealth no altars rear;
The soul's oft poison'd through the ear:

CASTARA! rather seek to dwell
In the' silence of a private cell:
Rich Discontent's a glorious hell!

Yet, Hindlip doth not want extent
Of room, though not magnificent,
To give free welcome to content.

There, shalt thou see the early Spring
That wealthy stock of nature bring,
Of which the Sybil's books did sing:

From fruitless palms shall honey flow;
And barren Winter harvest show,
While lilies in his bosom grow:

No north-wind shall the corn infest,
But the soft spirit of the East
Our scent with perfum'd banquets feast:

A Satyr, here and there, shall trip
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweet nectar from a Fairy's lip:

The Nymphs, with quivers shall adorn
Their active sides; and rouse the morn
With the shrill music of the horn:

Waken'd with which, and viewing thee,
Fair Daphné her fair self shall free
From the chaste prison of a tree;

And with Narcissus, (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once again pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdom did discuss
Of these as fictious, shall in us
Find they were more than fabulous!

SONNET.

Sing forth, sweet Cherubin! for we have choice
Of reasons, in thy beauty and thy voice,
To name thee so; and scarce appear profane.
Sing forth! that, while the orbs celestial strain
To echo thy sweet note, our human ears
May then receive the Music of the Spheres:
But yet take heed, lest if the Swans of Thames
That add harmonious pleasure to the streams,
On sudden heav'd thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death;
And ravish'd Nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation die.
And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to' the Waters, welcome to the Spring!

PARTING.

I am engag'd to sorrow; and my heart
Feels a distracted rage. Though you depart,
And leave me to my fears; let love, in spite
Of absence, our divided souls unite:
But you must go! The melancholy Doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence; the sportive Loves,
Which wont to wanton here, hence with you fly;
And, like false friends, forsake me when I die.
For but a walking tomb, what can he be
Whose best of life is forc'd to part with thee?

SONNETS.

What should we fear, Castara? The cool air,
That's fall'n in love, and wantons in thy hair,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steal
A nectar'd kiss, the wind dares not reveal
The pleasure I possess; the wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bathes like a Salamander; and doth sip
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip!
Nor think of night's approach. The world's great Eye,
Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply
With his still-flaming lamp; and, to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetual day!
But should he set, what rebel Night dares rise
To be subdu'd in the' victory of thy eyes?

Why should we fear to melt away in death?
May we but die together! when beneath
In a cool vault we sleep, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the Shrine of Love!
There, when on the' wedding eve some beauteous maid,
Suspicious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vows; on sudden, she
Two violets sprouting from the tomb will see,
And cry out—"Ye sweet Emblems of their zeal,
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveal
The story of our future joys; how we
The faithful patterns of their love shall be?
If not, hang down your heads, oppress'd with dew;
And I will weep, and wither hence with you!"

TO THE SUN.

THOU art return'd, great Light, to that blest hour
In which I first, by marriage' sacred power,
Join'd with CASTARA hearts; and as the same
Thy lustre is as then, so is our flame:
Which had increas'd, but that by love's decree
'Twas such at first—it ne'er could greater be!
But tell me, glorious Lamp! in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I, since that, have seen
The Rose bud forth and fade; the Tree grow green,
And wither; and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled: even thyself dost yield
Something to Time, and to the grave fall nigher:
But VIRTUOUS LOVE is one sweet, endless fire!

TO THE DEW; IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

BRIGHT Dew! which dost the field adorn,
As the' Earth, to welcome in the morn,
Would hang a jewel on each corn:

Did not the piteous Night, whose ears
Have oft been conscious of my fears,
Distil you from her eyes, as tears?

Or that CASTARA, for your zeal,
When she her beauties shall reveal,
Might you to diamonds congeal?

If not your pity, yet howe'er
Your care I praise; 'gainst she appear,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see, she comes! Bright lamp o'th' sky
Put out thy light; the world shall spy
A fairer sun in either eye!

And liquid pearl hang heavy now
On every grass, that it may bow
In veneration of her brow!

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And, were *I* here? should question thee:
He's full of whispers, speak not me!

But if the busy tell-tale Day
Our happy interview betray;
Lest thou confess too, melt away!

TO CASTARA.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes;
  My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
  By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
  Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence
  With the stol'n pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
  The sensual idol of our clay :
For though the Sun do set and rise,
  We joy one everlasting day ;

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
  While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled stream is still impure :
  With virtue flies away content.

And though opinion often err,
  We'll court the modest smile of fame ;
For sin's black danger circles her,
  Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
  Death shall our loving coffins thrust,
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
  And add a perfume to our dust !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1636.

Suckling was born at Witham, Middlesex, February 10, 1608-9. He is celebrated for his very early proficiency in classical learning, for the accomplishments he acquired by travelling, and for having participated in three battles and five sieges, besides being present at several skirmishes, under Gustavus Adolphus. Affluent in his circumstances, he was enabled to raise a troop of horse, in support of Charles I. at the commencement of the civil wars. But his projects of usefulness were interrupted by a fever, which terminated his existence on the 7th of May, 1641.

Although, in the "Session of the Poets," he has intimated his devotion to "black eyes," love appears to have had no arrows for Sir John Suckling, that he could not easily eradicate from his heart. Preferring the subtlety of Donne, and the merriment of Drayton, to the affecting sweetness of a Daniel or a Carew, he successfully interests the fancy, undesirous of captivating the feelings. If he does not heighten the roses of beauty, he has succeeded in divesting them of their thorns.

I PRAY thee, send me back my heart;
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from your's you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou hast a thief, in either eye,
Would steal it back again!

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
  If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
  I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
  I then am in most doubt.

Then, farewell care! and farewell woe!
  I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
  As much as she has mine.

When, Dearest! I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are, like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus, whilst I sit and sigh the day,
With all his borrow'd lights, away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me;
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies; and dying, proves
No absence can subsist with loves

That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont', that has stood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh! think not, then, but love can do
As much; for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

TO A LOVER.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner,
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

JOHN MILTON.

1639.

Milton, who when young was singularly beautiful, is reported to have become enamoured with an Italian Lady during his travels, to whom he addressed several interesting poems, written in her native tongue. The Sonnet to the Nightingale, among his English minor poems, is also amatory, though the object by which it was inspired cannot perhaps be now ascertained. Milton was twice married, and both his wives died in child-bed. It was on the death of his first wife, Mary, daughter of Richard Powell, Esq. that he composed that sublime tribute of affection, beginning——"Methought I saw my late espoused Saint;" a production which, for its sacred tenderness, has never been approached except in Cowper's Sonnet to another Mary, Mrs. Unwin. John Milton was born in Bread-street, in the city of London, on the 9th of December, 1608: he died on November 10th, 1674, at his house in Bunhill-fields, and was buried in St. Giles's Cripplegate, his funeral being both splendidly and numerously attended. He bequeathed 1500*l.* to his family; "a proof," observes Dr. Anderson, "that he never was in indigence."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the' jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love: O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

O LADY fair! whose honour'd name is borne
By that soft vale, where Rhine so loves to stray,
And sees the tall arch crown his watery way!
Sure happy he, though much the Muse's scorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway
Which gentle smiles and gentle deeds adorn;
Though in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though those deeds display!
Sure happy he, who that sweet voice should hear
Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his closed ear;
Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

As o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
  Of Evening falls, the village maiden hies
  To foster some fair plant with kind supplies;
Some stranger plant, that yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere spring has open'd quite
  The soft affections of serener skies:
So I, with such like gentle thought devise
  This stranger-tongue to cultivate with care,
  All for the sake of lovely lady Fair!
And tune my lays, in language little tried
  By such as wont to Tamis' banks repair,
  Tamis forsook for Arno's flowery side:
So wrought Love's will, that ever ruleth wide!

Charles! must I say, what strange it seems to say,
  This rebel heart that love hath held as naught,
  Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;
  This simple heart hath now become his prey?
  Yet hath no golden tress' this lesson taught;
Nor vermeil cheek, that shames the rising day:
  Oh no!—'twas Beauty's most celestial ray,
With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught!
  The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
  The voice, that breathing melody so rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle sky!
  Charles! when such mischief arm'd this foreign Fair,
Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly.

Gay youths and frolic damsels round me throng,
  And, smiling, say—"Why, Shepherd, wilt thou write,
  Thy lays of love advent'rous to recite
In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue?
Shepherd, if hope hath ever wrought thee wrong,
  Afar from her, and fancy's fairy light
Retire."—So they to sport with me delight.
And other shores (they say) and other streams
  Thy presence wait; and sweetest flowers that blow,
  Their ripening blooms reserve for thy fair brow;
Where glory soon shall bear her brightest beams!
Thus they; and yet their soothing little seems.
  If she, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing these soft lays, and ask the mutual song;
This is thy language, Love, and I to thee belong!

A plain youth, Lady! and a simple lover,
Since of myself a last leave I must take,
To you devoutly of my heart I make
An humble gift, and doing this I proffer.
A heart that is intrepid, slow to waver,
Gracious in thought, discreet, good, prompt, awake;
If the great earth should to her centre shake,
Arm'd in itself, and adamant all over;
Not more secure from envy, chance, desire,
And vulgar hopes and fears that vex the earth,
Than wedded to high valour, wit, and worth,
To the sweet Muses, and the sounding Lyre!
Weak only will you find it in that part
Where Love incurably hath fix'd his dart.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late-espoused Saint,
  Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
  Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
  Purification in the' Old Law did save;
  And such as yet, once more, I trust to have
Full sight of her, in Heaven without restraint,—
  Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
  Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
  But O! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd—she fled, and day brought back my pain.

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

1639.

Little is known of this author, except the encomium pronounced on him by Phillips, who thought him not altogether ill deserving of the English Stage. Glapthorne, besides several miscellaneous poems, wrote nine plays.

UNCLOSE those eye-lids, and outshine
The brightness of the breaking day!
The light they cover is divine,
Why should it fade so soon away?
Stars vanish so, and day appears;
The suns so drown'd i' th' morning's tears.

Oh! let not sadness cloud this beauty,
Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover!
It is not love's but sorrow's duty,
To die so soon for a dead lover.
Banish, oh! banish grief, and then
Our joys will bring our hopes again.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1647.

Cowley is among the number of celebrated men who have been indebted to maternal instruction for the rudiments of their education, and who have delighted to acknowledge the benefits which they had thus received. His proficiency in literature will appear astonishing, when it is remembered that he was only thirteen years of age on the publication of his first volume of poems. He studied at Westminster, and Cambridge; but the tranquillity of his pursuits being deranged by the civil wars, during the prevalence of which he suffered much for his devotion to the court, he passed the meridian of his days in different parts of Europe, subject to all the vicissitudes of royalty in distress. He was born in London, in 1618: he died at Porch House in Chertsey, Surry, in 1667. His funeral was sumptuously attended, to Westminster Abbey, where his remains were deposited between those of Chaucer and Spenser. With a display of learning that generally borders on pedantry, and a vigour that often degenerates into roughness, the poetry of Cowley, such of it, at least, as is dedicated to the sexual passion, must be admired rather for wit than warmth; for brilliant conceits, rather than interesting delineations of human feelings and sympathies.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed,
For only there is writ my destiny:
Or if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies,
But study the' astrology of her eyes!

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear:
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heav'n; but oh! my heav'n is here.
What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be:
Love! thou'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For sure in me thy name is Legión.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness or wit, in all I find;
In motion, or in speech a grace:
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind!
And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd, to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd; I love, lest it should be
The' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me, too, so:
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart;
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.
Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline;
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed love's become,
And judg'd aright is constancy
Though it takes up a larger room:
Him who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent; this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul at first, indeed, did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
Since that by every spark is set on fire.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1649.

Colonel Richard Lovelace, the eldest son of Sir William L. of Woolwich in Kent, was born in 1618. Devoted to his King, Lovelace suffered extremely during the rebellion against Charles I. and was even imprisoned for the cause which he had so honourably espoused. This circumstance, however, far from depressing the accustomed energy of his mind, produced one of his most beautiful poems, entitled "A Song, to Althea, from Prison;" in which love and loyalty are so exquisitely blended, as to render the composition one of the most interesting perhaps in any language. The volume entitled LUCASTA, is known to have been written in honour of LUCY SACHEVEREL, a lady of fortune, and of great beauty. Believing Lovelace to be dead of wounds received at Dunkirk, where he commanded a regiment, she bestowed on another the hand to which he had fondly aspired! After being the idol of the fair sex, and the admiration and envy of his own; after having frequently risked his life, and consumed his whole patrimony in the service of his sovereign, Lovelace died in wretchedness and penury, at a lodging near Shoe Lane, London, in 1658.

TO LUCASTA, ON HIS GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to assuage
The foaming Blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
O'er faith and truth
Like separated souls,
All time and space controuls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So then do we anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

TO LUCASTA, ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear! so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
  Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confined I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
  And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above,
    Enjoy such liberty.

APHARA BEHN.

1656.

This celebrated female writer is supposed to have been born in the reign of Charles I. She was once in high reputation, for her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments; as may be gathered from the following allusion to her, in Lord Rochester's "Trial of the Poets for the Bays."

"The poetess Aph'ra next shew'd her sweet face;
And swore, by her poetry and her black ace,
The Laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she won!
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her;
Yet, to deal frank and ingenuously by her,
He told her—Were conquests and charms her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since."

Mrs. Behn was author of seventeen plays, besides several novels. She died in 1689.

What mean those amorous curls of jet?
For what heart-ravish'd maid
Dost thou thy hair in order set,
Thy wanton tresses braid?
And thy vast store of beauties open lay,
That the deluded fancy leads astray.

For pity hide thy starry eyes,
Whose languishments destroy;
And look not on the slave that dies
With an excess of joy.
Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath;
To taste these sweets, alas! is certain death.

Forbear, fond charming Youth, forbear,
  Thy words of melting love:
Thy eyes thy language well may spare,
  One dart enough can move.
And she that hears thy voice, and sees thy eyes,
With too much pleasure, too much softness dies.

Cease, cease, with sighs to warm my soul,
  Or press me with thy hand:
Who can the kindling fire controul,
  The tender force withstand?
Thy sighs and touches like wing'd lightning fly,
And are the God of Love's artillery.

As wretched vain and indiscreet,
  Those matches I deplore,
Whose bartering friends in counsel meet
  To huddle in a wedding sheet
Some miserable pair that never met before.

Poor love of no account must be,
  Though ne'er so fix'd and true.
No merit but in gold they see;
  So portion and estate agree,
No matter what the bride and bridegroom do.

Curs'd may all covetous husbands be
  That wed with such design,
And curs'd they are; for while they ply
  Their wealth, some lover by the by
Reaps the true bliss, and digs the richer mine.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1663.

John Dryden, the master of English rhyme, was born on the 6th of August, 1631, at the village of Aldwincle in Northamptonshire. Descended of a very respectable family, he was sent to Westminster, where he had the advantage of being educated under the memorable Busby: from this seminary, he went to Trinity College, having obtained one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge. He temporised under Cromwell, and was countenanced by Charles II. to whom he was made poet laureat; an office which he sustained with singular credit, but for which his principles unfortunately disqualified him after the abdication of James II. Dryden died at his house in Gerrard Street, Soho, May 1, 1701: his remains were for some days placed in public state, and were then magnificently deposited in Westminster Abbey, where John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, afterwards caused a monument to be erected to his memory.

Dryden never was indifferent to the charm of beauty. He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, by whom he had several children. With the celebrated Corinna, Mrs. Thomas, he was also in habits of intimate correspondence. Towards the close of his career, instead of disclaiming his predilection for the Fair, he thus candidly and spiritedly vindicates the passion he had so generously cherished through life.—

Old as I am, for Ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet;
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit!

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein,
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine:
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.
A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live!
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.

Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress:
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
  So long delays her flowers to rear?
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
  And winter storms invert the year?
Chloris is gone; and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone.—The cruel Fair,
  She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her Lover in despair;
  To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they cannot cure!

Great God of Love! why hast thou made
  A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
  And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
  Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
  And every life but mine recall:
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind!

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

1666.

Lord Dorset was born January 24, 1637. Beloved for the elegance of his person, the urbanity of his manners, the goodness of his disposition, and the valour of his heart, this nobleman was eminently esteemed in the court of Charles II. and respected in that of William III. He was twice married; and, by his second lady, daughter of the Earl of Northampton, celebrated for her beauty and understanding, he had a son and a daughter. His Lordship died at Bath on the 19th of January 1705-6.

Rochester, always lavish in commendation of his companions, commemorates Dorset

> " For songs and verses *mannerly obscene,*
> That could stir Nature up by springs unseen;
> And, without forcing blushes, warm the Queen!"

Of the Phillis or Cloris, his devotion to whom is recanted in the song of "*Bonny Black Bess,*" no satisfactory hints are afforded. The latter lady, however, is believed to have been a Miss Betty Morice, distinguished both for her frailty and her beauty, being known as the Mistress of Dorset, who supported her in courtly magnificence, and who appears, for a time, to have secured her fugitive affections.

Phyllis, for shame! let us improve,
  A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
  From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
  The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
  Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride;
  Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
  Most miserably wise!

May the ambitious ever find
  Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love doth fill my mind
  With silent real joys!

Let knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world *think* them wise;
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
  And all the world despise!

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
  And melt in court delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days!
  Her arms, much softer nights!

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1670.

This gentleman held too distinguished a rank in the witty though dissipated court of Charles II. to be forgotten in a work dedicated to elegance and beauty. Sedley was born about 1639, of a very respectable family. His abilities, which were not only shining but solid, might, with proper application, have rendered him an eminent statesman. He died in 1701.

Sedley seems hardly to have merited, as a man of genius, the eulogium of his friend Rochester—

"Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can with a resistless power impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart!"

Phillis, let's shun the common fate,
And let our love ne'er turn to hate.
I'll doat no longer than I can,
Without being call'd a faithless man.
When we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met we'll part;
Each one possess'd of their own heart.
Thus whilst rash fools themselves undo,
We'll game, and give off savers too:
So equally the match we'll make,
Both shall be glad to draw the stake.
A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
I will enjoy thee in a kiss!

If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all.
If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on nature lay.
Alas! what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying Love?
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in parting well.



JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

1674.

It is not too much to assert, that the character of this nobleman has never been fairly appreciated. Originally a man of virtue as well as talents, he appears to have degenerated from this rank principally by too early an association with the witty, the dissolute, and the profligate; a circumstance that he deeply deplored in his dying moments, when the pleasures to which he had once abandoned himself could no longer seduce his reflection. The following lines, addressed by him to Charles II. from Wadham College in Oxford, when he was only *thirteen* years old, would be honourable to the head and heart of any writer.

"Whilst England grows one Camp - - - - -
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this distant homage, which doth meet
Your bless'd approach—with sedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you; yet, Great Sir! approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love:
In whom a cold respect were treason, to
A Father's ashes, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's Son!"

These verses do credit not only to the loyalty of the writer, they speak the virtuous affection with which he reflected on the memory of his illustrious father, who had engaged with zeal in the cause of Charles I. and to whom the son of that unfortunate monarch was indebted for the preservation of his life, and the subsequent enjoyment of the throne. Rochester died on July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-fourth year, having by that time entirely destroyed a constitution naturally excellent. His Lordship was born at Ditchley, near Woodstock, Oxfordshire, April 10, 1647.

My dear Mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless dart,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me:
But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen if she speak,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder:
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

All my past life is mine no more,
  The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
  By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not;
  How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
  Phillis! is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
  False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
  'Tis all that heaven allows.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

1675.

This eccentric peer, who terminated a life of dissipation, in poverty, sickness, and disgrace, was born January 30, 1627, the year before the assassination of his father by Felton. Hopeless of the cause in which he had suffered so much, he solicited marriage with a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, but was unsuccessful. He afterwards united himself to the only daughter of Lord Fairfax. Among his amours, his connection with the Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband he killed in a duel, has been recorded by Lord Orford, and glanced at by Pope. His literary productions are numerous. The "Rehearsal," in which he attacked the dramatic character of Dryden, shews him to have possessed powers capable of great intellectual effort, when seriously exerted. He died April 16, 1688, in a state of such degradation as no honourable mind could long have supported; pitied and despised by those who had been formerly his dependents, condemned and avoided by those who had lived his associates and friends!

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest;
Yet that dull life I now despise:
  Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys!

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires,

Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear:
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
  Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

Come, let us now resolve at last
  To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
  That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
  Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
  Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
  No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
  Alas! I lov'd you best.

Say but the same to me; you'll find
  How blest will be our fate!
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
  Sure never is too late.

ANNE WHARTON.

1680.

This lady was daughter and coheiress of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and was married to the Marquis of Wharton, by whom, however, she had no children. Allied to the Earl of Rochester, whose mother was aunt to Sir Henry Lee, Mrs. Wharton appears early to have imbibed an almost enthusiastic fondness for that nobleman. Her elegy on his death, which, as well as some of her other productions, excited the commendation of Waller, is written with the deepest admiration for the attainments of her illustrious relation, and the sincerest esteem for those virtues, which, lost in the general dissipation of his character, were known only to his most intimate friends. It is remarkable that the Marquis of Wharton, on the decease of his wife, Anne, married again to a woman of wit and literary talents.

How hardly I conceal'd my tears,
  How oft did I complain,
When many tedious days my fears
  Told me I lov'd in vain!

But now my joys as wild are grown,
  And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
  But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
  To every stream and tree,
And bless the hollow-murmuring rocks
  For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
  We want, we wish, believe:
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
  But easy to deceive!

JOHN CUTTS, BARON GOWRAN.

1698.

Lord Cutts descended from a very respectable family, and was born at Matching in Essex. Having highly distinguished himself in different campaigns, he was raised to considerable dignities in the state, and, in December 1699, created Baron Gowran of Ireland. Steele, who dedicated the "Christian Hero" to this nobleman, was indebted to him for a military commission, in 1701, his lordship being then Colonel of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards. Lords Cutts died at Dublin, March 23, 1704-5; an event known to have been accelerated by the inaction to which he was *professionally* restricted after the accession of Queen Anne.

Lady Cutts, to whom the following stanzas appear to have been addressed, was beautiful in person, and accomplished in mind.

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to Her and Fate;
Some kind planet, from above,
May perhaps her pity move;
Lovers on their stars must wait:
Only tell her, that I love!

Why, oh, why should I despair?
Mercy's pictur'd in her eye:
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear,
She's too good to let me die;
Why, oh, why should I despair?

FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

1698-1700.

Francis Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, was born March 6, 1662. Being the son of a reputable ecclesiastic, he was sent to Westminster, and from there to Oxford. Too warmly espousing the Stuart cause, he was banished the kingdom, and, following the fortunes of the abdicated family, he died at Paris, February 17, 1731-2. His body, however, was brought to England; and on the 12th of May following, was interred in Westminster Abbey. The lines written "on *a Fan*," were addressed to *Miss Osborne*, one of the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Osborne, who was related to the Duke of Leeds, and who had a benefice in the neighbourhood of Oxford. By this lady, who became *his wife*, he had issue one son, Osborne Atterbury, and two daughters.

ON A FAN.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ!
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives *coolness* to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a *flame!*

THOMAS PARNELL.

1705.

Thomas Parnell was born in Dublin, of respectable parents, in the year 1679. Having entered early at Trinity College, in that city, he obtained the archdeaconry of Clogher in 1705; about which period, he united himself in marriage to Miss Anne Minchin, a lady of great personal beauty, highly accomplished, and possessing amiable dispositions. Intimately known to Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Steele, Addison, and associating with them in the elegant diversions of literature, he was generally and deservedly esteemed by the most eminent of his contemporaries. He was also much admired in the pulpits of the metropolis, where, as he seldom resided long in his native country, his eloquence was occasionally exerted. He now appeared in the direct road for preferment, when the death of Queen Anne suddenly obscured the prospect of ecclesiastical emolument.

To this disappointment, of which he could not be insensible, was added the loss of his wife, who died in 1712, leaving him the disconsolate father of two children. It was to her, and her only, that his few amatory poems had been addressed; it was in her smiles only, that his happiness as a man consisted; his life was indeed bound up in the life of this excellent woman. Vivacious in conversation, and convivial in his habits, he vainly endeavoured, by throwing himself among the crowd of dissipation, to divert the despondency of his private feelings. Though, at last, honourably raised in the church, he died in July 1717, at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in the 38th year of his age; "in some measure," says Goldsmith, who knew him well, "A MARTYR TO CONJUGAL FIDELITY." Such was the life, such the death of PARNELL!

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts in your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:—
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
  Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
  Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
  Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
  To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
  As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
  Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
  Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet, while the Fair I love is kind,
  I cannot wish it less.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

1708.

Dear Howard! from the soft assaults of Love
Poets and Painters never are secure;
Can *I*, untouch'd, the Fair one's passions move?
Or *thou* draw Beauty, and not feel its pow'r?
Prior's Epistle to Howard, the Artist.

Among the sceptical follies of criticism, is the opinion asserted concerning the subject of the present memoir, that his writings were uninfluenced by that admiration for the Fair, to which they bear unequivocal testimony. If his attachments were not always such as honour would direct, or delicacy sanction, neither was he destitute of those feelings and sentiments which constitute the charm of sexual intercourse.

Matthew Prior was born July 21, 1664. Except from the drolling epitaph on himself, beginning "Nobles and heralds, &c." clearly intimating the obscurity of his ancestorial pretensions, and the epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq. by which it should seem that his parentage was puritannic, nothing is known as to the infancy of the poet. His boyish days were passed with an uncle, master of the Rummer, formerly a celebrated tavern, near Charing Cross; who, after sending him a short time to the neighbouring school of Westminster, recalled him to his house, where he fortunately became known to Shephard, by whom he was introduced to the patronage of Lord Dorset. Prior did not disgrace the generosity of his noble friend. Advanced to notice, he soon attracted attention, and was appointed secretary in several embassies. So perfectly was William III. satisfied with his diplomatic exertions, that he made him one of the gentlemen of the Bed Chamber, on his return from the Hague, after having co-operated in forming the grand alliance against Lewis XIV. During his secretaryship with Earl Portland, as he was one day surveying the

apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Lewis, painted by Le Brun, and asked—whether the King of England's palace contained any such decorations? "The monuments of my Master's actions," retorted Prior, "are to be seen every where but in his own house." While, however, he seduously maintained his public character, no man knew better to relax from the fatigues of duty, and abandon himself to the softness of enjoyment. In his poem entitled "The Secretary," written at the Hague, he says,

In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right!
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
* * * * * * * * *
I drive on my car in processional state,
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate.

In 1701, he was elected a member of Parliament for East Grinsted, and, quitting his old allies, joined the Tories. His poems, published first about 1705, were gratefully dedicated to the memory of the Earl of Dorset. Towards the close of the reign of Anne, and a few months after the accession of George I. he sustained the rank of an embassador at the French court. In 1715, he was impeached by Walpole, the minister, but acquitted.

Pecuniary circumstances now compelling him to publish his works by subscription, Lord Harley, son of the Earl of Oxford, munificently added 4000 *l.* for the purchase of Downhall in Essex, which Prior was to enjoy during his life. He died at Wimpole, a seat belonging to Lord Oxford, September 18, 1721, of a lingering fever; and was interred in Westminster Abbey, having appropriated 500 *l.* for a Monument.

Indifference to human gratification formed no part of Prior's character. Celia, from whom he feigns a poetical epistle, seems to have initiated him in the tender science of love. As her portrait was executed by Kneller, she doubtless lived in some degree of splendor, however disputable her title to respectability. Expressive, indeed,

are the apprehensions which her admirer represents her as entertaining, that hereafter

He might neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd his rising fame.

Chloe, who reigned in her stead, but whose empire became more extensive and durable than that of her predecessor, far from enacting the part of a coy charmer, interested by her ingenuousness and constancy.

Fair Thames she haunts; and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love!

It is to this lady that the world is indebted for the revival of the "Nut-brown Maid," in the poem of "Henry and Emma." The introductory lines, addressed to her, beautifully express the ardour and permanency of affection. A fault, common to men of his temperament, Prior certainly displayed; that of impotently courting those smiles, which he no longer possessed the power to attract. Love had ejected him from his ranks, before he could consent to withdraw from the service.

The following lines present a portraiture of his favourite Nymph:—

Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll;
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round,
Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black nor grey,
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor yes nor no.
Her lips * * * * *
Old Homer only could endite
Their fragrant grace, and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke!

Prior had some failings, but they were counterbalanced with many excellencies. To considerable genius for poetry, he united the industry necessary for business. He was sociable, friendly, grateful. Though volatile, he was not inconstant; though gay, he was not radically licentious.

While from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you can show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch, in double fetters bound,
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess! my grief would cease.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
  Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
  That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
  But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
  I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes!

Fair Chloe blush'd—Euphelia frown'd!
  I sung, and gaz'd, I play'd, I trembled:
And Venus, to the Loves around,
  Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

In vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain!

THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
  The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
  To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the Nymph vouchsaf'd to place
  Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
  The scent less fragrant than her breath:

The flowers she wore along the day;
  And every nymph and shepherd said
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
  Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest, at evening when she found
  Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look; and on the ground
  Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
  As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
  "My love, my life!" said I, "explain
This change of humour? pry'thee tell,
  That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said—
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder what a change is made!

Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
  And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn, both flourish bright and gay;
  Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
  The' amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
  I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud!

Such as she is, who died to-day,
  Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon! bid thy Muse display
  The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

STANZAS

WRITTEN BY PRIOR, AS FROM HIS CHLOE.

When in my glass I chance to look,
  Of Venus what do I implore?—
That every grace, which thence I took,
  Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading thy verse—"who heeds," said I,
  "If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
  Whose heart to me is always true!"

Ten thousand trifles, light as these,
  Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
She should be humble, who would please;
  And she must suffer, who can love.

My bloom, indeed, my little flower
  Of beauty quickly lost its pride;
For, sever'd from its native bower,
  It on thy glowing bosom died!

Yet car'd I not what might presage
  Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
  And time less permanent than truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
  Fall uncontroul'd my tears, and free:
O Damon! 'tis the only woe
  I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

The secret wound, with which I bleed
  Shall lie wrapt up—ev'n in my hearse;
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
  My answer to thy dubious verse!

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

1710.

William Congreve, one of the brightest ornaments of dramatic literature, was born near Leeds, in Yorkshire, in the year 1672. Ireland has the honour of his education; since, after studying at the university of Dublin, he entered himself of the Middle Temple. Here, however, he soon discovered his inaptitude for legal pursuits, and, directing his attention towards the stage, became a successful candidate for theatrical fame. Montague, attracted by so early a display of merit, promoted him to an income of 600 *l.* a year. The mildness and prudence of Congreve enabled him to maintain his elevation, amidst the fluctuations of party, till the accession of George I. when he was made secretary to the island of Jamaica. It was about this time, in the tranquil enjoyment of 1200 *l.* a year, having acquired extensive reputation, and being amicably connected with almost every person of distinction or genius, that he conceived himself at liberty to repel the forwardness of Voltaire, who expressly visited him as a literary character; a light in which the vanity of Congreve could not endure to be solely considered, while he principally affected the man of fashion and property. Voltaire's retort, " that if he had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him," was, therefore, not more severe than merited.

Congreve died in Surry Street, Strand. After laying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, Palace Yard, his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, with considerable pomp; and an elegant Monument was there erected to his memory, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. This memorial of affection bears the following singular inscription, written by her Grace.—" William Congreve died January 19, 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place; to whose most valuable memory this Monument is set up, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlbo-

rough, *as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man*, whose virtue, candour, and wit gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future."

Comment has not been wanting on the Duchess of Marlborough's attachment to Congreve; whose perfections, if report may be credited, she almost idolized! Nor does he seem to have lived insensible of her partiality, as the bequest to her of the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 10,000*l.* clearly testifies. Whether, in any of his private poems, he was inspired by the smiles of this elevated lady; whether his Cynthia, after the deepest despair of obtaining her, when

Warm compassion took at length his part,
And melted to his wish her bleeding heart,

presents indeed a delineation of her Grace, it would now be fruitless to enquire. The following lines, where the lover is conjuring his mistress to reveal the cause of the grief that secretly oppressed her soul, are exquisitely tender.—

" When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast;
Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past!
Or what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I should think—were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place."

His tenderness is not unequalled by his delicacy.—

"Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No! as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
The' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse her tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring!"

In a familiar epistle to Viscount Cobham, dated 1729, he describes the employments and amusements of his latter years, with considerable taste and spirit.—

"Come, see thy Friend, retir'd without regret;
Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
In easy contemplation soothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body, as in mind;
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wond'ring at the world's *new* wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days:
For virtue now is neither more nor less,
And *vice is only varied* in the dress."

If the folly of considering genius inferior to gentility be forgiven, Congreve was both an amiable and interesting character. Neither are his amatory poems so deficient of merit as some critics have determined. He was no stranger to love. His descriptions, if not glowing, are characteristic; his sentiments, if not novel, are natural and affecting. In the language of a passion that is universal, uniformity is in some degree unavoidable.

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met;
They could not always last!
And, though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

Cruel Amynta! can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles!

See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give;
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

AARON HILL.

1720.

Long will the triumph of Hill be remembered, as a writer to whom Pope found himself compelled meanly to apologize for the wanton severity displayed in his poem of the "Dunciad."

Aaron, eldest son of George Hill, Esq. of Malmsbury Abbey, Wiltshire, was born in Beaufort Buildings, London, February 10, 1684-5. Deprived of an estate worth 2000 *l.* yearly, by the prodigality of his father; limited in education, but enterprising in spirit; at a very early age, he repaired to his relation Lord Paget, then embassador at Constantinople, who, delighted with such an uncommon instance of resolution, readily received and protected the young adventurer. Till 1710 the life of the poet displayed the vicissitudes incident to precariousness of fortune. In this year, however, his circumstances experienced a favourable change, by his marriage with the only daughter of Edmund Morris, Esq. of Stratford, Essex; a beautiful young lady, of great merit, and with whom he received considerable property. Being enabled to indulge a speculative turn of mind, Hill, after a time sustaining the management of Drury-lane theatre, and contributing, by his pen, to the amusements of the stage, entered into a variety of projects, in most of which he was however far from successful. In 1731 his wife, whose health had been previously declining, was no longer permitted to contribute to the happiness of her affectionate husband, to whom she had been united nearly twenty-one years, during which period she was mother of nine children. It was no transient tenderness that had cemented the union of these amiable parents. Six years after the decease of Mrs. Hill, we find the following poem, written "in an Inn at Southampton," by her widowed husband:—

"Twenty lost years have stolen their hours away
Since in this inn, even in this room, I lay:
*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *
Pensive and cold, this room in each chang'd part
I view; and, shock'd, from every object start!
There hung the watch, that, beating hours from day,
Told its sweet Owner's lessening life away:
There, her dear diamond taught the sash my name—
'Tis gone!   *   *   *   *   *   *
That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more!
Not one dear footstep tunes the' unconscious floor!
There sat she!—yet those chairs no trace retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a starting tear—
*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *
Oh take me, Death! indulge desir'd repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
Yet, hold   *   *   *   *   *   *
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind
In *four dear transcripts of her copy'd mind!*
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die.
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night;
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light."

This "discharge," however sincerely desired, was not granted him till February 8, 1749-50, when twelve weary years had elapsed. He was buried in the great cloister of Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Lord Godolphin, in the same grave with his wife.

Hill evidently owed to his mother, herself an admirer and writer of verse, something of his partiality for that delightful art, in which he was destined to succeed. Handsome in person, elegant in his manners, alluring in conversation, affable in his deportment, generous, humane, social and mild in his dispositions, he was a successful votary with the Fair, whose smiles he tenderly courted, and whose kindness he gratefully treasured. Without affecting the impossibility of what has falsely been called

Platonic Love, no one valued more highly the delicacy inseparable from an honourable affection for woman, or more justly described this interesting sentiment.—

" Not saints in Heaven a purer warmth express,
Than Reason feels—when touch'd by Tenderness!
* * * * * * * * *
There are, in Love, the' extremes of touch'd desire;
The noblest brightness! or the coarsest fire!
In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move;
Nature guides choice, and as men think they love.
In the loose passion men profane the name,
Mistake the purpose, and pollute the flame:
In nobler bosoms *friendship's form it takes,*
And sex alone the lovely difference makes.
Love's generous warmth does Reason's power display,
And fills Desire, as light embodies day."

Disproportioned though the present memoir may appear, to the article which it precedes, the following excerpt, from "Lines to a Lady desiring her Letters might not be exposed," must not be refused admission into the work.

" Have *I* been never loved?—yet, Cruel! tell
Whom I betray'd to *thee—though lov'd so well?*
Take thy sweet mischief back; their charms erase:
Oh! leave me poor, but never think me base!
Not ev'n when death shall veil thy starry eyes,
Shall thy dear Letters from my ashes rise;
Fix'd to my heart, the grave shall give them room,
To charm my waking soul in worlds to come!"

Little dream you what is due,
Angel Form! to love and you.

Oh! what pangs his breast alarm,
Whom soul and body join to charm!

Endless transports dance along,
Sweetly soft! or nobly strong!
Flaming fancy! cool reflection!
Fierce desire! and aw'd subjection!
Aching hope! and fear encreasing!
Struggling passions, never ceasing!
Wishing, trembling, soul-adoring;
Ever bless'd, yet still imploring.

Let the dull, the cold, the tame
All those dear disorders blame:
Tell them, that in honour's race,
Charm'd by some such heavenly face,
Lovers always foremost ran;
Love's a second soul to man!
Ease is languid, low, and base;
Love excites a generous chase:
Glory! wealth! ambition! wit!
Thoughts for boundless empire fit!

Oh! forbear to bid me slight her,
Soul and senses take her part;
Could my death itself delight her,
Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong, though soft, a lover's chain;
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

She who once wept my fancied loss of breath,
Now, crimeless murderer! gives me real death.
Yet have a care, touch'd heart, nor sigh one thought,
That stain such goodness with a purpos'd fault.
Soft as her tears, her gentle meanings move;
Her soul sheds sweetness, though her look is love:
Her voice is music, tun'd to heav'n's low note;
Her touch bids transport, through each artery, float;
Her step is dignity, by pity check'd;
At once she fans desire, and plants respect!
Unconscious of her charms, she dreams of none;
And doubling others' praises, shuns her own.
Modest in power, as kneeling angels pray;
Noiseless as night's soft shade, though bright as day;
Wise unassumingly, serenely deep;
Easy as air, and innocent as sleep:
Blooming like beauty, when adorn'd for sin;
Yet, like the bud unblown, all blush within.
O! 'tis impossible to quit such bliss,
Yet live superior to a loss like this!
Where shall she next her thousand conquests make?
On what new climate will her sunshine break?
Where shall she next (sweet tasker of my care!)
Teach our charm'd sex, to hope, to wish, to dare?
Far from her fruitless guardian's watchful eye,
What may she hear! what answer! oh! I'll die.
Bless'd by her sight—Time's race were one short stage;
She gone - - - one widow'd moment were an age!

He whose whole treasure one dear vessel bears
Through seas on which destructive pirates swarm,
Must be excus'd a thousand fears and cares,
And bend his soul to every strong alarm.

Ill do they love, and feel thee at their heart,
Who seem unmov'd while others hope thee their's;
My kindling bosom burns with open smart,
For my proud soul her unveil'd meaning wears.

Nice as thy own, and all refin'd as thine,
My towering passion climbs with generous flame;
But, shrinking from neglect, in sad decline
Burns downward, and forgoes a frustrate aim.

Tender as infant sighs, in slumbering ease,
My softening soul admits and owns thy sway:
'Tis my life's sweetest care, thy taste to please;
And in thy sunshine melt my griefs away.

Woes are too weak to wound me through thy smiles,
The pole's fix'd frost were warm as heaven to me,
I tread down malice through her mazy wiles,
And triumph over all things—charming thee!

What task so dangerous, or what toil so vast,
Would not thy love inspire me to defy?
Soul'd with immortal fire, my flame must last;
And I should conquer worlds, beneath thy eye.

O! that my struggling thoughts, which heave within,
Could borrow but a voice; and speak my soul!
Then would this heart thy grateful passions win,
Till—oh, vast empire!—I should claim the whole.

Yet, as it is, indulge my trembling fear,
And give thy lover's counsel leave to speak:
Fools are all false, nor long can hold thee dear,
For soon they find whate'er they know to seek.

Boastful, ungenerous, vain, and grossly mean,
  On all thy charms they only feed their sense;
Thou art by them but as mere woman seen,
  Blind to thy heaven of inward excellence.

Sudden the wretches' smoky flames expire;
  Such earthly fuel must of course decay;
But I, while adoration lifts desire,
  Light up a love that ne'er can burn away.

SAMUEL SAY.

1725.

The Rev. Samuel Say, son of an *ejected* Minister, and born about the year 1675, was educated at the Dissenters' Academy in London, then superintended by Mr. T. Rowe, where he experienced the gratification of being contemporary with Watts, and other distinguished sectarists. Some time Pastor of a Congregation at Ipswich, he afterwards succeeded Dr. Calamy in the Meeting latterly under the care of Dr. Kippis. He died April 12, 1743. Two years after his death, his poems appeared in one quarto volume, published by subscription. He left an only daughter, since married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting teacher. As a poet, Say has displayed no inconsiderable powers, particularly in those effusions in which he was inspired by the admiration of beauty, and the impulse of love.

FAIR Beech! that bear'st our interwoven names
Here grav'd, the token of our mingled flames,
Preserve the mark; and, as thy head shall rise,
Our loves shall heighten till they reach the skies;
The wounds in us, as these in thee, shall spread
Larger by time, and fairer to be read.
Stand, sacred tree! here, still inviolate stand;
By no rude axe profan'd, by no unhallow'd hand.
Be thou the tree of Love; and here declare,
That once a nymph was found as true as she was fair!

TO VALENTINE, ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Hail, best of Bishops, and of Saints the best;
By flaming Love distinguish'd from the rest;
By love, the life in heaven, and business of the blest.

Love made the world! 'Twas love alone could draw
The disagreeing seeds to Nature's law;
Heaven saw the' effects of Love, and bless'd them when it saw.

Hence, mighty Saint, thy power deriv'd from Love,
Thy great commission reaches all above;
And earth and sea beneath, and all that live and move.

Thou call'st the flowers! they feel the glad command;
On sunny banks in smiling rows they stand,
Broke from their mother's womb, and drest by Nature's hand.

By thee the birds salute the welcome Spring,
Inspir'd by thee and Love, in pairs they sing:
With music and with joy the woods and vallies ring.

Fierce tigers yield to thee! To hear thy voice,
The gentle hind and rugged bears rejoice;
And fishes scud the waves, to meet their happy choice.

See, see, the cheerful morn! how bright it shines!
With larger steps the Sun his course reclines,
As conscious of thy day, and favouring thy designs:

All wed below, and he above would wed ;
The youthful Earth has drest her fragrant bed,
And promises her shades to shroud her radiant head.

At his approach the storms and winter fly ;
The joyful bride her snowy vest lays by,
Nor does, untimely coy, her naked form deny.

Ah ! could thy power so warm Lucretia's heart,
And make the winter there and cold depart ;
How wouldst thou bless a wretch, and ease his raging
smart !

Couldst thou but make her soul consent with mine,
And with her heart her answering hands to join !
For thee should Phœbus sing, and all the tuneful Nine.

While I in annual songs thy name would raise,
Thy day should stand above the rest of days,
All lovers bless the Saint ! and crown my head with
bays !

HENRY CAREY.

1729.

Carey was a celebrated musical composer, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His poems were published in 4to. His mind undoubtedly participated in the wildness perceivable in his writings, and which at last induced a melancholy dissolution.

To be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips with those
Whence eternal sweetness flows,
To be lov'd by one so fair;
Is to be blest beyond compare!

On that bosom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in mine;
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still and still on you;
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be blest beyond compare!

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

1732.

This nobleman, created Baron Lansdowne of Biddiford, county of Devon, in 1711, was descended from Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and was rewarded with the castle and lordship of Biddiford. George was born in 1667. Having early declared for the cause of the Stuarts, he enjoyed no promotion under William III. during whose reign he chiefly addicted himself to literary pursuits; sometimes producing a play, sometimes miscellaneous poems, sometimes celebrating the Countess of Newburgh, of whom he became passionately enamoured, and who is concealed under the name of Myra. After the accession of Queen Anne, his attachment to the Tory interest introduced him to power; nor was he altogether unnoticed by George I. His career, however, was finally closed on the 30th of January, 1735, at his house in Hanover Square. It was only a few days before that he had buried his lady, Mary Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, who had borne him four daughters. The lines addressed to her, were originally designed by his Lordship for one of the toasting-glasses used by the Kit-Cat Club, to which he belonged.

Myra was twice a wife. On the death of her first husband, and before her second marriage, she rejected the offer of Lansdowne's hand, notwithstanding his long and ardent admiration of her charms. This circumstance his Lordship has fully detailed, in the " Enchantment."—

" A happier man possess'd whom I adore;
O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.
* * * * * * * *
If glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve;
Since I may ask, and she with honour give;
Nor was occasion, to reveal my flame,
Slow to my succour, for it kindly came,

Dismay'd and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faltering tongue in vain for utterance tried,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive died.
* * * * * * * * *
My tongue emboldening, as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.
O syren! syren! fair Deluder, say—
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So *faithless now*, why gave you *hopes before*?
Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.
* * * * * * * * *
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith and conscious flames!
Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more;
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore.
Who knows what *I*?—ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain!
Thy heart, fond Lover! does thy threats belie:
Can'st thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldst die?"

Such was the Fair, to whom Lansdowne devoted his lays! lays that once excited the emulation of Bolingbroke, and the applause of Pope. How vain proved the friendly anticipation of Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons, who, in an Ode sent to his Lordship on his retirement, thus apostrophises him—

" So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why should you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, *if it can be*
That any nymph can be unkind to thee,
If pensive made by love you thus retire,
Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre;
Your tender song, and your melodious strain,
Can never be address'd in vain!
She needs must love! and we shall have you back again."

Some time after the death of Levingston, Earl of Newburgh, Myra united herself to Richard Bellew, Baron Dueleck, of Ireland. Her real name was Frances, and she was

the daughter of Robert Earl of Cardigan. She lived long enough to be thought so unbeautiful and unamiable as to become the object of poetical satire.

TO LADY MARY VILLIERS.

If I not love you, Villiers! more
Than ever mortal lov'd before;
With such a passion, fix'd and sure,
As even possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death!

TO MYRA.

No warning of the' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
Like travellers by light'ning kill'd;
I burn'd the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught!
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

WHY should a heart so tender break?
  O Myra! give its anguish ease:
The use of beauty you mistake;
  Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,
  That bosom to be prest,
Your eyes to languish and look kind,
  For amorous arms your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right,
  Establish'd by the powers above:
The sun, to give us warmth and light;
  Myra, to kindle love!

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part;
  When I approach the perjur'd Fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
  Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
  Such wond'rous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
  And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
  When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
  Nor dares her slave repine.

"I'll tell her the next time," said I
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thousand thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears!
My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

Here end my chains, and thraldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace;
Since for the pleasures of an hour
We must endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more:
Love, give me back my heart again!

Despair tormented first my breast,
Now falsehood, a more cruel guest:
O! for the peace of human kind,
Make women longer true, or sooner kind;
With justice, or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again!

JAMES HAMMOND.

1733.

It may not be incurious to remark, that the father of this poet was not only a votary of the Muse, and lover of the Fair, but, like his son, unsuccessful in the object of his early choice. Perceiving, however, the fruitlessness of his pursuit, Anthony Hammond wisely relinquished it, in favour of Susanna Walpole, daughter of the great Lord Orford, by whom he had two sons.

James, the younger, was born in 1711. He received an excellent education at Westminster school, and, early introduced to the notice of public characters, readily obtained the appointment of Equerry to Frederic Prince of Wales. While in this situation, he became enamoured of Miss Dashwood, bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline, the lady whose beauty he celebrates, and whose inflexibility he deplores, in his Elegies to Delia.

Inadequacy of fortune, it has been asserted, constituted Miss Dashwood's only objection to a compliance with the solicitations of her admirer. If at this period, however, by the bequest of his relation Nicholas, Hammond had acquired a yearly property of 400 *l.* aided, as he was, by connexions highly conducive to his future interests, and in the hope and vigour of his days, how sordid must be the determination that could prompt the rejection of his suit, solely in consideration of pecuniary inconveniences! That she survived him long, refusing other overtures towards matrimony, is by many admitted as indubitable evidence of her exclusive attachment to her deceased lover. The fact, notwithstanding, might be the reverse of this conclusion. Repeatedly accused of selfishness and avarice, was it not desirable to rebut so odious a charge, by declining to connect herself in marriage with another? Whatever were the reasons which induced her indifference to Hammond; he who promised only to loiter away his years in the soft solitude of obscurity, was not exactly calculated either to augment or secure

those resources on which the happiness of life most essentially depends.

Hammond died at Stowe, the delightful retreat of Lord Cobham, a place consecrated to taste and friendship, on June 7, 1742. He had been elected into parliament: but, unambitious of imitating the senatorial career of his father, whom Walpole was accustomed to style "the silver-tongued Hammond," he exclaims, in his thirteenth elegy, alluding to Lord Chesterfield,

"Let Stanhope speak his listening Country's wrongs:
My humble verse shall please one partial Maid;
For her alone I pen my tender songs,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade!"

Reviewed as an amatory bard, the character in which he is professedly to be considered, Hammond has certainly enjoyed his full proportion of reputation. He no longer fills the space he once occupied in the temple of fame. Many of his situations imagined, many of his sentiments affected, in all his compositions there is too little of nature or truth. If he is often pleasing, he is seldom impassioned. He may succeed in alluring the imagination; but he cannot seize, and command the feelings.

HE ADJURES DELIA TO PITY HIM BY THEIR FRIENDSHIP WITH CŒLIA, WHO WAS LATELY DEAD.

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care!
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath;
She tells them, still—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain?
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long!

By all the joys thy dearest Cœlia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue:
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented Shade,
That, hovering round us, all my sufferings hears!
She is my Saint—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb, at midnight, I retire;
And, lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire:—
The marble image seems to hear my moan!

The friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee, all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear;
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah! to recal the sad remembrance spare;
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

Ah! what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain;
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hoped to gain.

With thee I hoped to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past:
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I only ask, of her I love possest,
To sink o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eyelids till they close.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind!
Thou, only thou, can'st please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me!
Displease all others, and secure my rest:
No need of envy; let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life! all darkness can'st expel;
And seem a world, with solitude around.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

1738.

Among the number of those who, by a happy combination of fortune and prudence, have escaped from obscurity and penury to affluence and reputation, Robert Dodsley holds a distinguished rank. He was born at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, in 1703. His poetical talent having attracted the attention of the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, to whom he officiated as footman, he was induced to publish specimens of his compositions, under the title of "The Muse in Livery." The dramatic piece of the "Toy-Shop," his next production, introduced him to the notice of Pope, who patronized him so far as to procure it representation at Covent Garden, where it was acted, with great success, in 1735; a year memorable in the life of Dodsley, being that in which he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, supported by the friendship of Chesterfield, Lyttelton, Shenstone, and Dr. Johnson. Here was laid the foundation of his prosperity. Besides many other distinguished literary undertakings, by which he acquired both fame and emolument, he had the merit of projecting the "Annual Register," a work that was long supported by the high talents of Edmund Burke, and is looked up to as a model for the political annalist. This valuable publication commenced in the year 1758.

Unvitiated by worldly success, unnarrowed by the contractedness of his early circumstances, Dodsley omitted no opportunity of avowing his obligation to those who assisted in establishing his welfare, nor did he arrogantly refuse to others the kindness that had been so beneficially extended to himself. After having acquired considerable opulence, which enabled him to repose, during his latter years, from the fatigues of business, he fell a martyr to the gout, while on a visit to his friend Spence, at Durham, September 5, 1764; and was buried there, in the Abbey church-yard.

Prior appears to have been the poet whose steps Dodsley was most ambitious of following. Of the reality of his amours, of the personality of his Polly, his Cœlia, his Kitty, when his original situation in life is retraced, there seems no reason to doubt. His feelings, unsophisticated in themselves, are often uttered in nervous and affecting language. He lived in a state of celibacy, though, in his poem entitled "The Wife," he gives a decided preference to the hymeneal union! Batchelors may sometimes be best qualified to descant on the praises of matrimony.

Come, my fairest! learn of me,
  Learn to give and take the bliss!
Come! my Love, here's none but we;
  I'll instruct thee how to kiss.
Why turn from me that dear face?
  Why that blush, and downcast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
  And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
  Round my neck, or round my waist;
And, whilst I devour thy charms,
  Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then when soft ideas rise,
  And the gay desires grow strong,
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
  Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling!
  Look with transport on my face!
Kiss me, press me! every thing,
  To endear the fond embrace.

Every tender name of love,
  In soft whispers, let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
  Every ecstasy sincere.

One kind kiss before we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu?
Though we sever, my fond heart
  Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my Love!
  Let me kiss that falling tear!
Though my body must remove,
  All my soul will still be here:

All my soul, and all my heart,
  And every wish shall pant for you.
One kind kiss then ere we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu?

Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss,
  I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
  Thousands will not pay that one.

"Lest the debt should break your heart,"
    Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
"Come, a hundred then in part,
    For the present shall suffice."

WHILST on thy dear bosom toying,
  Cœlia! who can speak my bliss?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
  When thy balmy lips I kiss?
Every look with love inspires me,
  Every touch my bosom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
  Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish!
  Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
  When the transport is so sweet.
Look not so divinely on me,
  Cœlia! I shall die with bliss:—
Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me!
  Who'd not die a death like this?

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

1740.

Son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire, George, created afterwards Baron Lyttelton, of Frankley in the same county, was born January 17, 1708-9. Having proceeded from Eton to Christ Church, in 1728 he commenced his travels, during which he honourably displayed a talent for poetry, in several epistles to his friends. On his return home, being elected for Oakhampton, he declared in opposition to Walpole, though that minister was then actively supported by Sir Thomas Lyttelton. In 1735 appeared his "Persian Letters." From this time, conformably with what he conceived to be the duty of patriotism, he entirely attached himself to Frederic Prince of Wales, of whom he obtained pensions for Mallet and Thomson, having earnestly recommended to that prince the general patronage of literature, as a subject worthy of royal protection. After the compulsory retreat of Walpole from power, Lyttelton was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury; and though his abilities were not exactly calculated for effective situations in the state, he continued some time high in estimation with his political confederates.

January 1746-7 was rendered for ever mournful to Lyttelton, by the loss of his lady, Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue (of Filleigh in Devonshire), to whom he had been married in 1741, and who died at the early period of twenty-nine years. She was buried at Over-Harley, Staffordshire, but the monument raised to her memory is in Hagley Church. How tenderly he appreciated her life, and how deeply he regretted her death, is evinced by the poems that he inscribed to her while living, and by the affecting "Monody," in which he has perpetuated the remembrance of her worth! By this Lady, he had one son, and two daughters. The celebrated "Dissertation on the Conversion of Saint Paul," published

in 1747, was probably completed, if not principally written, during the illness that terminated the life of his accomplished and amiable bride.

His Lordship's literary exertions afterwards extended to a work entitled "Dialogues of the Dead," and concluded with his "History of Henry the Seventh." He died at Hagley Park, August 22, 1773, after a lingering and painful indisposition; which he sustained with the equanimity of a philosopher, and the resignation of a christian. His remains were deposited at Hagley.

Of this nobleman, it is no extravagance to assert that he appears to have attained as much of perfection as the condition of human nature will admit. With no attractions of person, he had the felicity to secure, in his Lucy, the heart of one of the most interesting and excellent women of the age in which he lived:—such was the known benevolence of his feelings, the liberality of his views, the elegance and force of his genius, the variety and fascination of his accomplishments. Nobility is ennobled by conferring lustre on such a character.

Lord Lyttelton married a second time, in 1749, to Elizabeth, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich. Though the confidential friend of his first wife, and on that account selected by his Lordship, she was found utterly incapable of supplying her loss. Only one poem seems to have been addressed to this Lady, and that one on her wedding-day!

The heavy hours are almost past
  That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
  Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
  The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
  And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
  Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
  Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
  When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
  Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
  Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
  You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
  No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
  To die, and think you mine.

TO LUCY FORTESCUE.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
  Last night the secret casket I explored;
Where all the letters of my absent Fair,
  His richest treasure, careful Love had stored.

In every word a magic spell I found,
  Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
  Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
  And loses every sorrow at the sight!
Yet wishes still for more; nor ever feels
  Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely Maid,
  Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the charge upbraid;
  My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
  A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
  My heart shall break—to leave thee wholly free.

TO LUCY.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, "be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove;
Since you neither can lessen your charms, nor my love:
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

PRAYER TO VENUS, IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

Fair Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
  Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
  Fresh flowers and myrtle-wreaths, propitious take!

If less my love exceeds all other love,
  Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove;
  And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
  No other wish nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
  And give my trembling heart secure repose.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms;
  No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
  Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more!

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM, 1746.

Ye silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham! say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
    Which sees me with my Lucy here,
    Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy, unfelt before, impart?

...uid,
...mine,
...raid;
...ugh;

...tain,

retain,
...holly free.

... no more,

...ve-
... will leave."





